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The BYSTANDER

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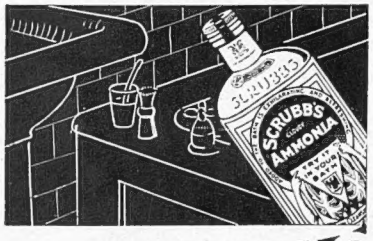

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The Bystander, March 8, 1933

No. 1525. Vol. CXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Miss Glenis Lorimer and Lady Georgiana Curzon

"By Appointment"

Programme-Sellers at the Royal Film Matinée

Society, stage and screen were represented among the programme-sellers at the film matinée at the New Victoria Cinema when the King and Queen were present. The film version of "The Good Companions" was the big event of the matinée, which was held in aid of the Personal Service League. £8,500 was realised for the League

Lady Anne Hunloke and the Hon. Unity Mitford

Gardenias and Orange Blossom

Mr. John Mason and Miss Diana Coventry, daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Coventry and the Hon. Mrs. Coventry, were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Coventry, whose wedding dress was of ivory velvet, chose gardenias for her bouquet, and her six bridesmaids wore the same flowers in their wreaths

Above : Mr. Stackey and Miss Baba Beaton arriving together at the church for the Mason-Coventry wedding

Right : Lady Castlerosse and Lady Lettice Cotterell outside St. Margaret's. Lady Lettice Cotterell's sister was one of the bridesmaids

The Modern Honeymoon

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason having their health drunk at Hanworth before they set off by air on their honeymoon in Paris and Italy. Flying honeymoons have set the fashion for weddings in the morning

MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL and her husband are making a welcome reappearance in London. Italy claims them for much of the year, and each time you see Mrs. Keppel you are astonished at the graceful way in which she defies the years. Colonel Keppel is taking a greater interest than ever in photography, and is even having lessons in the art from a photographer in Bond Street.

MEANTIME, the German Ambassador is winning golden opinions in Mayfair. He is very good-looking. He has known England since before the war, and talks English excellently. He wears a rather high, stiff diplomatic collar and will tell you that every suggestion Great Britain has made about German policy has

Bertram Park

Lady Katherine Howard

Left : a new portrait of the Duke of Norfolk's second sister, Lady Katherine Howard, who is twenty-one this year. Her brother, who succeeded when he was nine, and is now in the Blues, is the sixteenth Duke, holds seven other peerages, and is Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Above: Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, the elder daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, with her fiancé, Mr. Edward Alan Walker, of the Diplomatic Service

Below: Colonel J. G. Lowther's party at the Northampton première of "The Blarney Stone," in aid of the Mayor of Northampton's Distress Fund, included Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, Lord and Lady Cromwell, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hardy, the Hon. Nancy Alsop, Col. J. G. Lowther, M.F.H., and the Hon. Mrs. Lowther

Swaebe

Together Again

Miss Katherine Horlick, back from Egypt, at the Café de Paris with Mr. Murrough O'Brien. Their engagement, announced in the autumn, was broken off just before Miss Horlick went away

accounts of police raids are largely responsible for the international anxiety.

LORD WESTMORLAND is organising the most interesting exhibition ever held in England, and readers of THE BYSTANDER are hereby invited to assist in its success. It is to be an exhibition of sporting trophies, and already the Prince of Wales has promised to lend his collection. Lord Desborough is going to send some of his historic oars. The Royal Yacht Squadron is lending the silver model of the Britannia, which can only be seen at the Castle.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL is expected to exhibit "Blue Bird." Lord Burghley is lending his hurdling trophies. Lord Londonderry and Lord Rosebery have both been approached. Lord Brownlow is lending the silver wine-cooler presented to Sir John Cust in 1770, when he retired from the post of Speaker in the House of Commons. This does not sound very athletic, unless you regard him as the umpire in the wordy battles of the House. But all the others will be strictly sporting.

READERS of THE BYSTANDER can assist either by lending any trophies of note in their possession or suggesting the suitability for exhibition of trophies which might not been accepted in full by his country.

AT the moment Germany is full of alarmist rumours following the burning of the Reichstag and the arrest of 270 Communists. But, as he will ask you blandly at luncheon, what are 270 people in a population of 65 millions? He is of the belief that local correspondents of newspapers, both English and American, who send alarmist

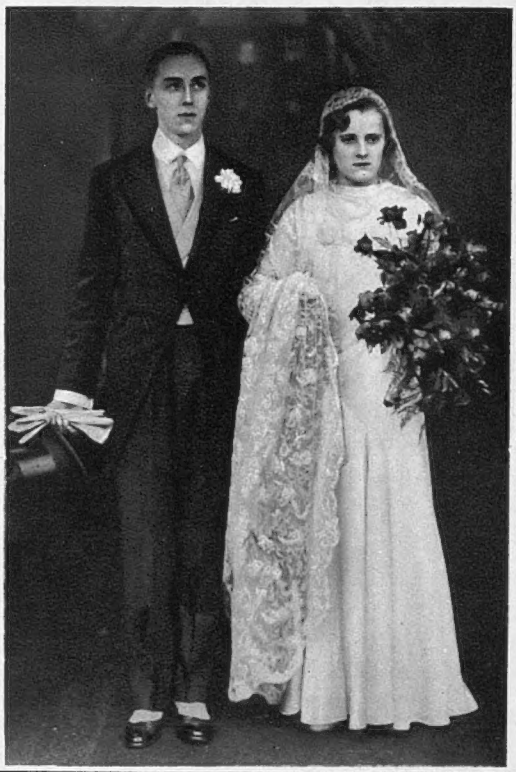
occur to Lord Westmorland. Some of these trophies lurk in odd places. Thus the Amateur Golf Championship Cup won by John de Forest lurks among the celery and mixed pickles on the sideboard at Addington Golf Club. We have seen it many times.

THE exhibition is going to take place at Shell Mex House in April, and the proceeds will go to the Dockland Settlement. Efforts are being made to secure the Football Cup at least for a few hours, and G. N. Foster is going to weigh in with a number of Corinthian trophies. No doubt Tom Webster, who is on the Committee, will be able to suggest and lend any number of exhibits.

CAPTAIN BUCKMASTER must be congratulated on the Buck's Club party the other night. Never have there been so many Rolls-Royces outside the Trocadero. Inside, we caught a glimpse of that strangely contrasting couple at the same table—Lord Ashley and Lord Tennyson. Lord Sefton gave a large party (tickets three pounds each). Lord Delamere was there, and Lord Brecknock, too. In fact, the place was full of Lords.

SO was Ciro's the other night. It was also honoured by Prince George, who sat between and facing the three prettiest women in the room—Mrs. Thursby, Mrs. Pop D'Erlanger, and Lady Milbanke. Everybody in the place must have envied him. We did, wholeheartedly. The pièce de résistance was Nina Mac McKinney, the Mulatto singer and dancer whom C. B. Cochran has just signed on. The place was crowded, and her number went with a bang. Oh, yes, and young Randolph Churchill supped tête-à-tête with June. Among the guests was Miss Sheila Berry, but she did not stay long as she had another party.

Below: Mr. George Hay-Drummond jr. of Cromlix, son of Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Hay-Drummond of Cromlix, and Lady Betty Montgomerie, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, after their wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor



Above: Lady Prudence Jellicoe and Mr. Lysaght, the well-known tennis player, are two of the lucky people in the sunshine at Madeira, and are at Reid's Palace Hotel

Below: Miss Irene Vanbrugh and a party of 1933 debs who will sell programmes at the matinée of "The Liars," at the Garrick Theatre, next Monday, in aid of the Fellowship of St. Christopher. Front row: Miss Johanna Curzon, Joan Wigan, Anne Hamilton-Grace, Anne Macpherson-Grant; middle row: Miss Chloe Buxton, Helen Trafford, the Hon. Elizabeth Petre, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Daphne Mulholland, Hermione Gregson; back: Miss Anne Louise Neild, Dorothy North, Mary Butler-Henderson, Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall, Mary Christian, Sanchia Whitworth, Bridget Vesey, Pamela Kay-Shuttleworth, Bunty Soames, Clemency Gore-Browne

Below: Caroline Anne, the baby daughter of Sir John and Lady Carew Pole, was christened at Maryfield Church, Anthony, Cornwall. Sir John and Lady Carew Pole were married in 1928, and have another daughter, born in 1929

Débutantes of 1933 Start Work

A Cornish

MISS BERRY is being painted for the Royal Academy by Gerald Kelly, R.A., who is also going to show "Jane XXXIII.," yet another portrait of his wife. He says that he will complete a hundred of them if she does not get tired of it in the meantime, and defends his numerical titling of his portraits by quoting Whistler as a predecessor. "Anyway," he says, "it's much more sensible than calling them 'Round the Mulberry Bush' or 'Waiting for Father's Footsteps.'"

No portrait painter can go far wrong by following in Whistler's footsteps.

LADY ELEANOR SMITH is feeling rather disappointed at the moment. For six months she has worked on the dramatisation of her novel, *Ballerina*, and now the producers say that they cannot put it on until the autumn. She dined with us just after the final, and somewhat heated, conference, and before going on to the more than ducal dance given by his Grace of Marlborough, which lasted until 5.30 a.m.

HER brother, Lord Birkenhead, who was at the party, does not dance, like the Tenth Hussars before the war. He has given up journalism, we gather, for the more intriguing profession of making banknote paper, having joined the firm of Portal's. We once went over the factory of Bradbury Wilkinson and gulped as we saw notes of every denomination being printed by the thousand. If only we could have been given five minutes to ourselves!

Below: Mr. John Douglas Woodruff and the Hon. Marie Acton were married at the Brompton Oratory. The bride is the eldest daughter of the late Lord and Lady Acton; the present Lord Acton, her brother, gave her away at her wedding, and three of her sisters were bridesmaids

Left: two photographs taken at the opening of the Hot Dog Club, off Hanover Square. Above are Mrs. George Eyston, wife of the racing motorist, and Miss Pelham Clinton drinking success to the "hot dogs," and below are Miss Corise Soames, who is responsible for the idea of the Club, and on her right, Miss Marjorie Marr Johnson and Mrs. Peter Cazenove, who are acting as waitresses

YESTERDAY we shuddered slightly when a letter arrived in the unmistakable handwriting of Mr. Patrick Balfour, erstwhile gossip-writer and professional reveller of Mayfair. His novel, *Society Racket*, is to be published at Easter, and we have not forgotten the caustic nature of his tongue and pen.

AT the moment he is correcting the proofs at Babel Mcid, in the Oasis of Biskra, the Algerian home of Mrs. Clare Sheridan. "As I write," he says, "I am listening to Ambrose's band on the wireless, from the Mayfair Hotel in London, which destroys all illusion of the desert's remoteness in the most depressing way."

Christening

Walking in the Park

Swaebe

Left: Lady Serena James takes her two daughters, Ursula aged nine, and Fay aged four, out walking. Lady Serena James is the Earl of Scarborough's only daughter, and married the Hon. Robert James, Lord Northbourne's brother, in 1923

A Racing Reverie: *By "Regular"*

Irregulars at Cheltenham

Sir Hugh Nugent, seen above, will be out to beat "the book," to say nothing of Miss Dorothy Paget's Insurance, at Cheltenham this week with his champion hurdler, Song of Essex. Like his grandfather, Sir Hugh trains at Windsor House, Lambourn, and has lots of future winners in his stable

CHELTENHAM—the Ascot of the Jumping Season—wonderful and terribly exciting. Blue blood, bluer still with the cold, will parade for three glorious days, behaving in the way peculiar to it, *i.e.*, endeavouring to appear as much like a horse as possible. Some only succeed in resembling a fox, but one and all succeed admirably in dissociating themselves with humanity.

I AM referring, of course, to the Irregulars, the people who have spent four days a week for the past four months on a horse, in the company of a pack of hounds, in the interest of a fox. "Crafty old devil, he enjoys it right enough; but this damned snow's spoilt everyone's fun—no good to man or beast."

WE Regulars are quite content to remain as we are, and not even the most enthusiastic of us will try and look like the winner of the first seller, and not even Cheltenham, with its influx of people who have spent so much time on a horse that they have almost lost the use of their legs, except as an aid to the gallant steed under them, will cause us to look any different.

THERE goes Mrs. Hollins with her umbrella, and behind that large pile of newspapers of various dates sits Lady Hamilton of Dalziel, while under an even larger one we espy Miss Dorothy Paget. She is obviously going to have a look at Golden Miller, and is making very satisfactory progress considering she is carrying a certain amount of "dead weight" in the shape of two copies of each edition of every paper mentioning the names of Insurance and Golden Miller.

MISS PAGET is, of course, wearing that famous overcoat of hers, which bids fair to take its place in history, in company with "the tarpaulin jacket" and Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak.

LET us hope, for everyone's sake, that the fences are a little less stiff this year. Last year they proved so formidable that our money was frequently on the floor before we had got our glasses fixed to see what was happening.

I AM not suggesting that the obstacles should be any smaller (as I do not have to ride over them myself, I am not nearly brave enough to make a suggestion which would be regarded as rank heresy by all "decent" hunting people), but I *do* suggest that there should be a little more "give" about them, so that if a horse merely raps one, he doesn't necessarily "come it."

Miss Grant and Miss Crewdson at the meeting of the Cambridge University Steeplechases, postponed five minutes before the first race, owing to inclement weather, at Cottenham

HERE'S amazingly good fortune to all you gallant gentlemen who will "climb up" on Wednesday. At least fifty per cent. of you realise quite well that you'll need all the luck that's going if you and your gallant hunter are to be "still as one" after those four gruelling miles over formidable obstacles.

SOMETHING approaching a miracle would have to happen for some of you to win, but does that deter you as you charge at that first fence just as if it wasn't there, thinking, no doubt, that there's a distinct chance that it may be your last, and you'd better make the best of it?

A MARVELLOUS ride to all of you is the wish of everyone who has any pretension to call himself a sportsman; and to those of you who eventually must hit the ground (for it is too much to expect that you should all "get round"), a nice soft spot to fall on.

FINALLY, may the winner be a hundred per cent. genuine hunter, preferably owned by a young man not too well endowed with this world's goods, and ridden by a man who loves horses and loves hunting; who "gets up" because he loves it, and does not expect a present when he wins.

I DO not wish anyone any bad luck, but as somebody has to fall, may it be a horse belonging to a rich "pot hunter" who has never followed hounds further than the meet, and would have difficulty in distinguishing between a foxhound and a fox-terrier.

MY pen-picture this week is of a professional jockey, one Sam Strongarm, sometimes known as Bank Holiday Sam, by reason of the fact that only on the occasion of these festivals is Sam entrusted with "the goods," which is a slightly more polite way of saying that only when there are five other meetings and all the more fashionable jockeys are already engaged does Sam get the "leg up" on a tryer.

SAM'S life is not a happy one. His presence in the saddle has come to be regarded as an omen that his mount will do better next time out. Sam's instructions seldom vary. "Give him a nice, easy race, Sam, and whatever you do, don't show him up." Sam comes back with his lugubrious countenance slightly longer than ever, and in a hoarse whisper confides that, but for his uncanny foresight and strength in the saddle "he'd have trotted in, strike me pink, Guv'nor. You'll be asking me to stop a train next."

NEXT time out, the horse is backed down to 6 to 4, but Sam is succeeded in the saddle by a fashionable jockey. All the kicks, and precious few of the halfpence, is Sam's lot in life, but he is a philosophical soul, and although he remembers reading somewhere that it's wicked to "run a bye," and that all horses should be trying for their lives, he thinks of his large wife at home and their ever-increasing family, and comes to the conclusion that non-tryers are better than no riding at all, pockets his riding fee, and is thankful for small mercies.

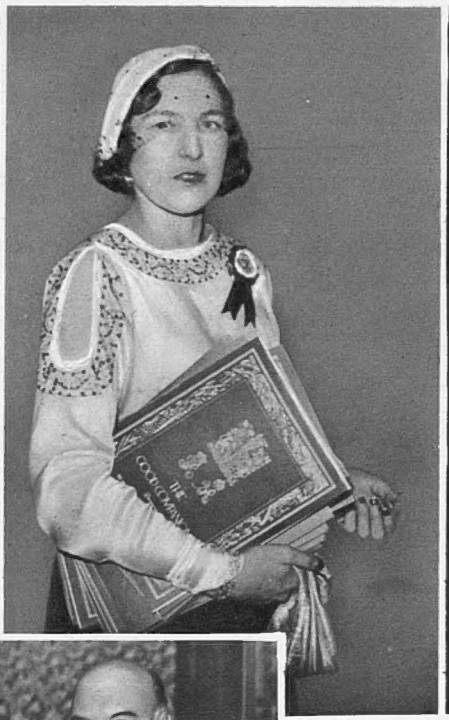
"Stop me if you've heard this one . . ."

A Film for the King and Queen

At "The Good Companions" Royal Matinée

Saska

Above: Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, Lady Mary Stewart, and Miss Helen Hoare were three of the junior programme-sellers at the New Victoria Cinema when the King and Queen were present



Above, left: Lady Margaret Stewart, Lord and Lady Londonderry's second daughter, who, with Major W. H. Brooke, organised the programme-selling

Above, right: Lady Castlereagh, Lady Londonderry's daughter-in-law, also helped the cause of the Personal Service League by selling programmes

Above: Lady Reading, the Vice-Chairman of the Personal Service League, received their Majesties with Lady Londonderry; she was photographed with Major Ralph Glyn, M.C., M.P.

Right: Lady Cunard and Lord Berners were two who took tickets for the matinée

Above: Mrs. Patrick Davison and Lady Dufferin and Ava arriving at the New Victoria Cinema to see the Priestley film

Left: two more of the "programme-girls" who helped to collect some of the £8,500 realised at the Matinée were Miss Gwyneth Lloyd and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Chaplin

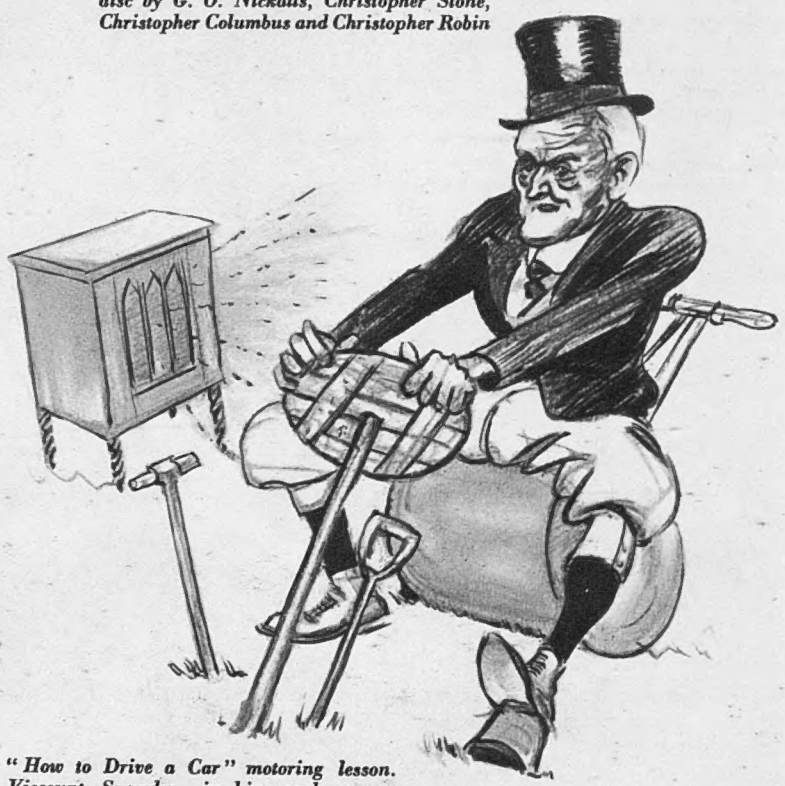
Further Sports Lessons by Gramophone

Archie Compston having placed upon the market painless golf instruction by gramophone records, our recording angel, H. H. Harris, gives further ideas

Here we have Augustus John, overwrought with the success of his son in the fistic art, receiving an advanced lesson with a boxing record by Peter Haddon, Harry Preston, and Uncle Tom Cobley an' all

Hugh Walpole mastering the sculling stroke at noonrise, before accepting the challenge of J. B. Priestley for the Championship of Derwent, Bassenthwaite, Battersea or any other English lake. Rowing disc by G. O. Nickalls, Christopher Stone, Christopher Columbus and Christopher Robin

Lloyd George practising with the common vegetable marrow during research work at Churt. This record is entitled "Rugger," and is recorded by Howard Marshall, Snelgrove and Selfridge



"How to Drive a Car" motoring lesson. Viscount Snowden, in his rural retreat, picking up the niceties of control; advanced stage for beginners, recorded by Malcolm Campbell, Pope and Bradley

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

How pleasant it would be if the new Alliance Assurance building next door to the Stock Exchange, now nearly completed, was going to be a club or general rest-house for members. How everyone would look forward to lunching in the palatial dining-rooms it would contain, and to playing squash in the squash courts that would certainly be provided. And even to swimming in the swimming-bath. And "May," whose pitch also adjoins the House, and who sells chocolate to at least three-quarters of the Stock Exchange, could have a small shop inside, instead of a trestle-table outside, for her wares. Her twopenny bars aren't improved at the moment by their coating of Alliance Assurance building materials, and everyone has had to buy silver-paper coated brands for their eleven o'clock refreshments lately.

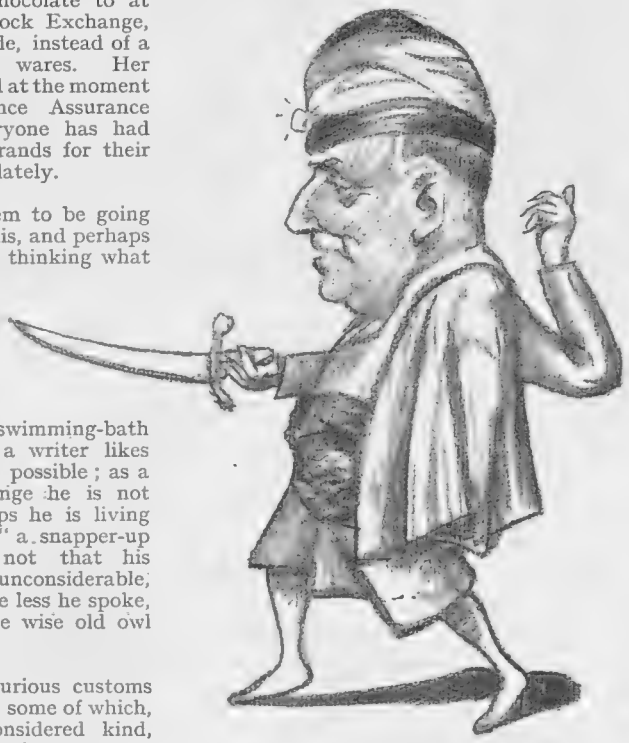
However, no one does seem to be going to run up any such place as this, and perhaps it is still a little wintry to be thinking what an amenity a swimming-bath would be, somewhere near the House. It was "Autolycus" who brought this great thought to mind by writing the other day in the *Financial Times* about the prospectus of a roadside swimming-bath company. "Autolycus" as a writer likes to remain as anonymous as possible; as a member of the Stock Exchange he is not at all conversational. Perhaps he is living up to his nom de plume as "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles"; not that his trifles are unconsidered or unconsiderable, but he may believe that "the less he spoke, the more he heard," like the wise old owl in the oak tree.

There are a number of curious customs extant in the Stock Exchange, some of which, hitherto trifles of the unconsidered kind, are now offered for consideration.

Every day, punctually at 11.31, Freddy Bramson, who, incidentally, is most handsomely sun-burned at the moment by the Swiss sun, with Lionel Frisby and his V.C. brother, Cyril, disappears from the House, followed by cries of "There they go! There they go!"

At twelve o'clock, Horace Ryan, a jobber in the miscellaneous mining market, is regularly applauded for having made one run when he played for the Gentlemen of Woldingham against the Tradesmen. Hand-clapping and shouts of "Well played, Ryan!" commemorate that great occasion.

Soon after lunch is the time chosen by a member of the Committee, a Member of Parliament, and another prominent jobber in Argentine railways to toss for half-crowns.



Mr. E. H. Nettleton
"The Rajah"

Mr. C. J. B. ("Mickey") Smith
A good figure-skater

When a broker known as the "Slug" visits any of the markets, he may quite likely find one or two people singing "There's a Long, Long Trail."

When a broker with pronounced leanings towards Socialism passes by, "Dear Old Pals" is the song that is sung to him.

And when two well-known bores get together, everyone yawns or makes a yawning face.

All About Half-a-Crown

One of the most quick-witted and amusing men in the House is Mr. Ernest Hooley Nettleton, the senior partner of E. H. Nettleton and Co., whose nickname to some is "the Rajah." His repartee is like lightning, and goes home like a rapier. That its sharpness is not of the bitter kind, but only very to the point, the following story is an example. One day he was visiting a certain broker's office, and was ushered in as "Mr. Nettlefold." As he came out, he said to the clerk who had shown him in, "You got my name wrong; it's Nettleton. If it had been Nettlefold, I should have dealt *in* screws, and not *with* them."

Talking of Mr. Nettleton being shown into an office, any guide to the Stock Exchange for the general public must undoubtedly include some information about "waiters," as the attendants are called. Not that they usher anyone in, but a waiter is practically the only man who will rescue and lead to safety any member of the said general public who may inadvertently stray into the House between ten and four. Apart from this occasional duty, of which more later, waiters live in roofless sentry-boxes at intervals round the House, raised about four feet above floor level, and connected by speaking-tubes to the telephone rooms. They call members to the telephone or to speak to clients outside, and they control the signal boards on which each broker has a number which can be lit up when he is wanted and cannot be found. Enticing waiters away from their switches and turning on all the lights on the boards is a regular Christmas Eve joke; and laying three to one on which quarter of a board the next light will be shown in makes a good little gamble, especially with a confederate to tell the waiter which broker to signal for.

Another odd job waiters have is to water the floor of the House periodically, and they have brought the business of spraying every inch of the floor without watering members' feet to a fine art. This makes a nice surface for Mr. C. J. B. Smith to do his skating on. "Mickey" Smith is one of the best and most popular "raggers" on the Stock Exchange, and when he sticks his big chin out and starts making funny faces, it usually means something is going to happen. His pièce de résistance is his mock demonstration of figure-skating; it's always a success.

Which Pistol?

One of the queries in the murder-mystery play, "Cock Robin," at the Little Theatre, which both thrills and entertains. Left to right: Richard Goolden, Robert Horton, Nancy Price, Iris Baker (kneeling), V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, Jack Livesey, Bernard Nedell, Geoffrey Gomer, Elizabeth Maude, Ronald Simpson, and Edith Evans

At the Theatre

Hicks, Hacks and Hollywood

"It's You I Want" (Daly's)

THE average farce casts its shadow before, and the prophet who banks on bed-room doors is hardly ever wrong. Maurice Braddell's efficient piece of fluff and nonsense at Daly's is no exception to the venerable formula of Open Sesame. The doors are there in force, and so are the customary complications of deceit and compromise.

With Seymour Hicks as the hub of the imbroglio, the student of form and formula will at once guess wrong in prevising our most stylish and irrepressible comedian in the rôle of pursuer. The British Guitry, for once, is the quarry, and to say that he is no less resourceful in flight than in attack is but a feeble tribute to his comic powers and all that je ne sais quoi which makes the precise assessment of acting skill the hardest thing in dramatic criticism.

Norah Swinburne, despite laryngitis, scores again right and left, proving that her coup in Lonsdale's *Never Come Back* was no fluke; and effective support to Mr. Hicks's highly amusing and almost non-stop solo is forthcoming from Viola Tree, Joan Clarkson, Bromley Davenport, Ronald Waters, and Michael Shepley.

"The Princess in the Cage" (Westminster)

REALISM and Ruritania are strange bed-fellows. By the time the "little Highness" had been first saved and then ravaged by ex-schoolmaster and Section-Leader Thibaut, everything pointed to a study of a sociological problem. The Royal family had been publicly massacred, and revolution had swept away religion and marriage. The terrors of democracy run amok were coming to life in the back kitchen, where a picture-postcard Princess faced the horrific reality that to mate willy-nilly with the first man who claimed her was the sole barrier between herself and death.

Hereabouts romance began to poke a finger in the psychological pie and melodrama sounded a preliminary alarum. The saviour and despoiler of the little Princess promptly fell in love with her, and she with him; although her actions, reactions and desires never emerged in full clarity. In a burst of primitive passion, or what you will, she deliberately walked out of her hiding-place, flung herself at the head of a disgusting desperado, and condemned Thibaut to certain death.

Hot-house innocence turned into reckless animalism by shock, rape and terror—here was a baffling case for analysis, rammed home by the bloodiest pages in post-war history. C. B. Fernald, who has adapted the play from Gaston Sorbets' *La Colombe Poignardée*, hovers between metaphysics and melodrama, and finally goes over to the Lyceum with monarchical colours flying and the organ peals of an ultra-rapidly restored church. The Princess, condemned to a convent, avoids the veil by the old stratagem of dressing the dummy and then selling it. When the procession of nuns has departed, escorting not the Princess but the obliging sister of a Royalist officer, the way is clear for a happy-ending dash for liberty with the wounded Thibaut.

Beatrix Thomson's forte is not regality, but her tattered and tormented Princess is always a moving and emotional complexity. Reginald Tate plays Thibaut with effectively restrained vigour.

"Once in a Lifetime" (Queen's)

THE film fans are welcome to call this super-satire on Hollywood at the outset of the "Talkie" boom a "period piece." Perhaps Mr. Cochran was right when he decided not to bring over the American company in it some four years ago. It is part of the gospel according to the box-office that Satire doesn't pay. I sincerely hope Sir Barry Jackson will lay the bogey and get his deserts. I implore the film fans to rally to the support of a courageous effort. Here is a star-less Repertory Company tackling an all-Yankee wisecrack and putting up an all-round performance of amazing excellence. Obviously, an all-British company talking sham-American is at a great disadvantage. For complete enjoyment, Moss Hart's superb leg-pull (with George S. Kaufman, America's arch-collaborator) should be played in its native tongue. Better still, it should have been seen four years ago, before the film which Hollywood, enjoying the joke against itself, cheerfully made of it.

Personally, I don't care about the film or whether the play is dated to the extent of four years or forty. Half a loaf is better than no bread. The crazy, spendthrift Hollywood of pre-slump days, with its fabulous magnates, nit-wit minions, and neglected authors going mad on fat salaries, is no myth. It is grand fun: I haven't laughed so much in a theatre for years. Charles Victor's lampoon of Herman Glogauer, "the man who turned down the Vitaphone" (and made the complete idiot who had the courage to tell him so his director, with the result that the idiot made the wrong film so badly that it was hailed as a masterpiece), is brilliantly funny. He, Richard Caldicot, as the fool-director, and Derek Cotter, as the neglected author, get surprisingly deep into the transpontine idiom and feeling.

"The One Girl" (Hippodrome)

AT long last this mountain of Sacks-appeal and slapstick has come to the Hippodrome—one gathers that there is not much left of the Ziegfeld original—and turns out to be mutton dressed as mutton—date, somewhere about 1925. There is much elaborate scenery; the chorus numbers a hundred and looks like a thousand; noise, bustle, and efficiency abound; the cast positively teems with talent; the story is a hundred per cent. fatuous, according to plan; the Youmans music is singularly tuneless; the jokes and "business" are sufficiently tried and trusty to obviate the need for rash experiment. Arthur Riscoe, poorly served, works like ten Trojans, and Lupino Lane convulses the gallery as a "tumbler" full of liquor. Robert Naylor's tenor top-notes flow like nectar to the gods, and Robert Hale is no sooner on than off, with "Hallelujah, Brother!" as his exit cue. Mireille Perrey is alluring as the French girl adopted by an allied quartette in the trenches and subsequently loved and proposed to (in bed) by each, in defiance of their pact. In the end, the tenor wins her, as tenors do, to the discomfiture of the restaurant-keeper (Guy Middleton), the Salvation Army man, and the pickpocket, with the millionaire (Roy Royston) a bad second. Louise Brown dances as charmingly as ever, and Pearl Osgood, also from America, is an amusing soubrette.

TRINCULO.

Everyone wants Mr. Glogauer! Pursued by the Schlepkin Bros., who want a "moiger"—

Herman Glogauer (Charles Victor)

—Sung at by would-be "Mammy" singers—

—Acted at by cigarette girls who want to be film stars—

—and recited at by one of his future cinema stars (Margaret Hood)

Mary Daniels (Barbara Francis) and Jerry Hyland (Ellis Irving), actors who make good in Hollywood as teachers of elocution

Left: the moron (Richard Caldicot), who can't do anything wrong, and the playwright (Derek Cotter), who just ain't allowed to do anything at all

Phyllis Fontaine (Robin Coles) and Florabel Leigh (Gladys Spencer). Two stars who can't talk but can make an impressive entrance, attended by a few satellites

"Once in a Lifetime," at the Queen's Theatre

Sketches by Rouson

Hors d'Œuvres: *By "Caviare"*

Miss Wendy Barrie and Mr. John A. M. Hay, the portrait-painter, at the private view of the London Portrait Society's Exhibition, which is being held at the Burlington Galleries

At the Buck's Club Dinner in aid of the London Federation of Working Boys' Clubs: Lady Clancarty, Captain Dollar, Mrs. Baston Nichols and Captain Tommy Graves

A "Boys'" Party at the Trocadero

Colonel Combe and Mrs. Shirley Falcke were two more who went to the Trocadero for the very amusing dinner and cabaret which was organised by Captain Buckmaster

ONE of Mayfair's most "brilliant brunettes" is June Child, daughter of handsome Mme. Davila de Peña. She is an entrancing little person with a big, fascinating smile and beautiful big black eyes. Don't miss her.

JUST lately I have seen Captain Frank Bellville dancing; his son, Tony Bellville, racing; and his other son, Rupert, hunting (as a change from flying). What an interesting family they are! All intelligent, all attractive, with an individual aloof, rather dignified, air characteristic of all three.

"TEN thousand miles I've travelled,
Ten thousand miles and more,
And yet I love my blonde girl
As much as I did before."
Evidently!

SHORT skirts want good legs—that is why Mrs. Edward Greenall is entirely justified in defying fashion-mongers. Equally wise is one of our face-cream-advertising Peeresses to keep her skirts long.

MRS. WINGFIELD is the neatest woman astride—not a hair out of place, and her expression is serious, with that look of concentration with which we are all familiar. The smartest Pytchley astride-ite is Lady Kathleen Rollo; she is so lovely, and I admire her quiet, very sweet voice.

IS a young man too certain of a continuous welcome; and is one side of the triangle wearing a little thin?

AN "affaire du cœur," which has caused much chatter is "all on again." Action or diplomatic silence is my advice to the injured party.

LADY LONDONDERRY is so efficient. Why can't some of our well-meaning women learn to be so time-saving, so conscientious, ardent, and withal so charming? She is very good-looking, and Lady Maureen Stanley, her eldest daughter, is exactly like her—especially as regards a quite perfect English complexion.

WHO likes—
Turkish delight?
A raised elbow?
A dimpled knee?
Monogramed pyjamas?

THE COUNTESS DE PRET ROOSE'S new racing coat is too tight—which is a pity, because she has a reputation for "chic." She dances well, but stiffly, and never smiles with her eyes. I have not seen her laugh—perhaps she isn't amused.

I WOULD *like to know—*
If he will marry her.
If Mr. Gulbenkian could talk if his hands were tied.
If a wife on a holiday knows.
If the hotel bill is paid.

MRS. BALDWIN'S hats seem to have become as much a topic as Mr. Winston Churchill's. Lord Lonsdale's cigars, Lady Mount Temple's green, and Fanny Ward's evergreen (don't confuse the two colours), Miss Stourton's eyes, the Duke of Marlborough's suède shoes, Miss Edythe Baker's piebald hair are all "news" (and how!). Finally, we have international cables about the loss of Lord Warwick's moustache. Well, well! And did you say there was a war somewhere?

LORD MICHELHAM is a rich young man who is gracing the Riviera at the moment instead of Mayfair dancing floors. He loves dancing. His brother, Jack, collects money—it is his hobby and he is proud of it, and encourages the many stories about himself and his economies. Both brothers are extraordinarily wealthy, with yearly incomes which can be written in six figures.

SEEN around—
Lord Wimborne alone for lunch.
Sir Robert Horne alone for lunch.
The Duke of Marlborough alone for dinner.
Applicants advised to write to Box C.O.D., in a plain wrapper.

OUR one and only Sybil Pim is back from India looking more gold-pink-white and lovely than ever. Her laugh is just as gay; her nose as tip-tilted; her clothes (not many at night) just as smart. In fact, thank goodness everything is as it was, including her excellent dancing partner—good-looking Mr. Willie Vanderbilt.

Youth on the Rails

Hyde Park Regulars

Below are the three daughters of Colonel U. E. C. Carnegy, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Carnegy: Elizabeth, the eldest, who is eight; Christian, aged six; and Lavinia, who is three this year

Left: Sarah and Rachel Brand are the daughters of the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Brand, and granddaughters of Lord Hampden; they live in Hyde Park Street

Below is Kim Pennoyer, the son of Mr. and Lady Winifred Pennoyer, and a half-brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury

Right: Jane Spickernell is the elder of Sir Frank and Lady Spickernell's daughters; her boy friend on the rails is Anthony Tritton

Below: Michael Bendix, in jodhpurs, and Michael Cunningham-Reid, elder son of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid

Two very sub-debs meet in Hyde Park during the fashionable walking hours: Anne Dunn, Sir James and Lady Dunn's daughter, is the small one, and on the rails is Mrs. de Winton Wills's daughter, Venetia

Photographs: Swaebe

The Passing Picture Show

Fresh Blood

By Sydney Tremayne

My subject is not as sanguinary as it sounds : I would not write of gladiatorial combat, the lions' meat course, or "the sufferings of the innocent." These, incidentally, make, as a rule, magnificent film entertainment and photographic spectacle, whether they concern the destruction of whole cities and populations by earthquake, tornado, explosion, volcanic eruption, or "England in the Grip of the Great Blizzard," or exploit heartbreak, resulting from the operation of the Second Commandment and the increasingly popular theme of hereditary mental taint !

What, in the "patter" of the publicists, is called the high-lights of current films is the emergence of two definite and very different feminine screen personalities—Leni Riefenstahl and Katharine Hepburn. Let us admit to a faint fatigue in regard to the standardised Hollywood blondes, imitating one another and evolving, between them, a false Goddess of Beauty whose spot-lighted glamour lacks true romance, and whose stimulus flags. Anything, in female form, different and individual, is a relief.

I might have called this article "Sufferings and Pleasures of the Innocent," for, in her first film, *Bill of Divorcement*, Katharine Hepburn depicts, with a sincerity and force which cannot but be moving, the predicament of a normal girl caught in the trap of hereditary madness and parental tragedy, while Reni Riefenstahl's new film, *The White Flame*, is really a glorious rag, exploiting the ebullient spirits of youth and health in the open, with magnificent snow-scapes and spectacular ski-ing exploits to eke out a wispily humorous theme and provide a brilliant white background for her own refreshingly simple appeal.

Right : Katharine Hepburn as she appears in "Bill of Divorcement," the film version of Clemence Dane's play of the same name, which came to the Regal last week

Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore, who, as the father who returns to his family after spending fifteen years in a lunatic asylum, gives some of the best acting of his career in "Bill of Divorcement"

At the preliminary showing of *The White Flame*, the majority of a socially impressive audience quite frankly did not understand the almost inconsequent lightheartedness of the scenic romp at which they were assisting. They were unprepared, after the ecstatic, almost fanatic implications of that lovely thing, *The Blue Light*, to find Riefenstahl playing the buffoon. The title of the new film, with its suggestive similarity, is a joke, and I am not sure that it is not very nearly a bad joke. The majority of people find it difficult to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous with the transcendent speed of champion ski-ers !

That Leni Riefenstahl has magnificent physical courage we have seen in her climbing exploits in the Dolomites and her very creditable performance on skis in this new film. She has moral courage as well, since she dares to face an audience accustomed to approach her with something like awe because of her beatific presentment of the girl, half-saint, half-"natural," in *The Blue Light*, as a gauche and rather ridiculous novice on skis and a tomboy leading the "fox-hunt" in which forty or fifty uproarious youngsters (all champion ski-ers) chase her and her companion through the Austrian mountains.

Personally, I think that she is less satisfying as a comedienne than as an interpreter of emotion and psychology on a higher plane, and I feel that many of her admirers will miss the pure and subtle evocations of her wonderful impersonation in the earlier film. But her delightful unspoiled personality remains : she does not hesitate to make herself ridiculous ; she most evidently enjoys the return to normal and the exhilaration of snows and sports and scenery.

The photography in *The White Flame* is breath-takingly beautiful ; the exploits of the men on skis is thrilling and spectacular. The "fox hunt" provides an excuse for some of the most magnificent performances ever photographed—doubling and jumping and gliding that surpass imagination. The comic element is provided by Guggi Lantschner, who is the world's ski speed champion, and a lad called Walter Riml, which indicates that their apparent gaucheries on skis in the earlier sequences are, in themselves, masterpieces of expertise.

"Bill of Divorcement," from Clemence Dane's play, is psychological and social drama, magnificently acted by John Barrymore as the man who comes back, apparently cured, though still frighteningly unstable, after fifteen years in an asylum, and Katharine Hepburn, as his daughter, so like him in many ways that she alone can understand and help him—a girl with character which, until it is assaulted by the tragedy of her family history, is almost callous in its downright attitude to life, but whose strength and truthfulness is transmuted into something sacrificial by the needs of her parents, so much weaker and more confused than she is herself.

This girl, Katharine Hepburn, is astonishingly competent, vital, sincere ; something in her—acting genius, I believe—burns like a flame. She is too thin, too feverish, but her independence of conventional beauty and conventional expression is inspiring and moving.

It is tiresome that a likeness to Garbo has been discovered and exploited ; it is accidental, and as long as Katharine Hepburn maintains her spiritual and histrionic independence, she will develop into a very great actress.

Young David Manners is manly and sympathetic as the lover of the girl who, when she learns the truth about her family history, refuses to marry him and remains to care for her tragic, broken father.

Delirious Dialogues : No. 5. Adolf Hitler and Groucho Marx

Groucho : *I beg your pardon, I thought you were Charlie Chaplin.*
Hitler : *Gott in Himmel ! Do you not know me ? I am Hitler, Dictator of Germany.*
Groucho : *If you 're busy dictating, I won't interrupt you. Is there anything I can take down for you ? (Now, girls, don't all speak at once.)*
Hitler : *Who are you, may I ask ?*
Groucho : *You may. I am Groucho Marx.*
Hitler : *No relation of Karl Marx, I trust ?*
Groucho : *Not unless he 's one of my brothers.*
Hitler : *I refer to the father of Socialism.*
Groucho : *Then he can't be my brother. I haven't a nephew of that name.*
Hitler : *To what am I indebted for this visit ?*
Groucho : *You don't owe me anything. I just dropped in as I was passing.*
Hitler : *I am afraid I have no time to waste. The future of Germany lies in my hands. Please leave my presence.*
Groucho : *What ! When you 've only just given them to me !*
Hitler : *Go, or I shall have you put in irons.*
Groucho : *You can't do it with irons. It 's a mashie shot.*
Hitler : *Have him removed !*
Groucho : (Voice in distance)—*Mind my glasses, boys.*

"How can I get slim, Doctor?"
"Learn to say, 'No more, thank you!'"

If Gossip We Must . . .

Pacifists Japanned—Earl Russell's Paradoxes—The Traffic Question—Pugnacious Robey

JAPAN'S farewell to the League of Nations at Geneva was in every sense a soldier's farewell. For Mr. Matsuoka, though declaring that his departure deeply grieved him as a Christian (where have I heard that phrase about a "bleeding heart"?) represents a militaristic nation.

That departure coincided almost to an hour with the departure of Mrs. Charles Sweeny (née Whigham) from Europe. Verily do we move amid the clash of mighty events, the latter event being considered the more important of the two by those who are convinced that Jehol is a new form of disinfectant.

I am not at all sure that they will not prove to be right about Jehol.

MEANWHILE, abuse of Japan is being overdone. It was the late T. W. H. Crosland who was given to describing a Japanese as, I seem to remember, an undersized, yellow-faced heathen, with slits where his eyes should be, blacking-brush hair, teeth two sizes too large for him, barn-yard morals and the cheek of the devil.

But poor old "Crosie" was merely slamming into Nippon because of a financial arrangement with his publisher, just as he slammed, with rather greater profit, into Caledonia, stern and wild, with his *The Unspeakable Scot*.

Anti-Japanese comment just now is of a more subtle and usually more hypocritical type.

THERE was a time, not so very long ago, when we had every reason to be grateful to Japan. If she has put herself in the wrong now, so much the worse for her; if our memories are a trifle too short, it

Above: Anna Neagle with Mr. Monckton Hoffe, the dramatist, at the reopening of the Monseigneur, which has lately been redecorated to represent a sun-lit Basque café

Left: the beautiful young Spanish dancer who partners Anton Dolin in the season of ballet at the London Coliseum

Below: Sun-seekers on board the s.s. Lapland, which starts on June 17th for a "Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or the usual agencies

Left : Eileen Peel, who is playing with the keenest sense of humour the part of a rich Australian girl, who cannot be described as out of the top drawer, at the Criterion Theatre, in Ivor Novello's " Fresh Fields "

Eileen Peel

" How do I look to you now, Miss Tompkins? "
" Gorgeous ! "

Left : Sir Edward Elgar, his daughter, Mrs. Blake, Mr. Scott Sunderland, and Dame Laura Knight, at the first night of " Once in a Lifetime," the amusing skit on Hollywood, at the Queen's Theatre

Photographs by Sasha and Walter Bird

may be eventually a case of so much the worse for us. The present motto seems to be " Let us be strictly neutral, both in thought and deed, but let us abuse Japan."

It would be hardly worth while to abandon neutrality in order to give undergraduate pacifists a chance to prove their mettle by becoming conscientious objectors in more dramatic circumstances.

EARL RUSSELL (BERTRAND) has launched into some laborious paradoxes in an attack on the mentality of government in general. He thinks that the country should be run much in the same way that he runs his school, where children are allowed to do precisely what they like.

We should be let alone, says Bertrand. Politicians should be made lazy so that they do not interfere with our freedom, M.P.s being elected for life, providing they show the necessary qualification of stupidity and idleness.

Such a gospel from this out-and-out Socialist is indeed surprising. But I could be more certain of his conversion to Individualism were it not for his long-established habit of contradicting himself in every other sentence, and his gay disregard of facts.

" All government that needs intelligence is bad " is Lord Russell's main point. If that is so, the sooner he becomes Prime Minister, the better.

TRANSPORT in London in its present condition can, however, give Lord Russell a legitimate argument or two. If stupidity enthroned is Elysium, here must be a happy man.

Not long ago we were introduced to new motor-buses bearing no sign of the routes they followed. Plays, patent medicines—that is what one gathers from motor-buses. Their destination is, so far as is possible, kept a secret.

Another moron move, now in full swing, is to find a narrow part of a very busy thoroughfare and plant a large "Tube" station in the middle of it. The congestion in Piccadilly, by the Ritz, and in Holborn, near Chancery Lane, is playfully being made worse in this fashion. In the days when the traffic question was not so serious, "Tube" stations were built flush with the houses and with a pavement in front, which is the proper place for them. That was far too sensible an arrangement, so it is being changed.

May I suggest a row of shops down the centre of the Strand and a couple of vast furniture repositories in Piccadilly Circus ?

THERE is no better bulwark against Bolshevism than to teach the young lads whose lot in life is not so easy as it might be, and who have to exist in mean, unlovely surroundings, to take an interest in sport.

That has been part of Captain Buckmaster's job for some years

If Gossip We Must *(continued)*

past, and the annual dinner, dance, and cabaret he organises in aid of his boxing clubs for boys always does any amount of good, in that from it accrues a pleasant packet o' money to keep the clubs going.

This year the Trocadero was chosen, and all went well, except for a sort of crevasse across the dancing floor. Even this did its bit, for some people took a toss over it, and that added to the fun.

I have rarely enjoyed a better dinner, in spite of the fact that, this being a Sunday night, nothing alcoholic could be served after 10 p.m. Applications for an extension had been in vain, and the charity plea was quite useless. However, a few select souls adjourned elsewhere at midnight, and made up for lost time.

THERE was a full gathering of Buck's Club members, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Sefton, Lord Tweedmouth, and Mr. Duff Cooper being among those who had taken tables.

"Buck's" daughter, Joan, made a charming young hostess, and John Buckmaster, who has left Eton and is studying French with a family at Poictiers, was only slightly late for dinner, in spite of having been snowbound somewhere near the Great West Road.

THE result of the Actors' Equity v. George Robey squabble appears, as I write, to be a decided victory for the latter. For the famous comedian has *not* had to join the Union which held a pistol to his head, and the Equity folk have hardly added to their laurels by accepting a gift of £10 from the man who so bitterly disagrees with them; it would have been much more dignified to refuse it.

There are plenty of well-meaning souls in the ranks of Equity, but some of them are apt to say silly things when they get on their hind legs. That clever actor, Mr. Reginald Bach, for instance, hinted that unless Mr. Robey joined Equity he would be booed off any stage on which he attempted to appear.

Who would boo him? If Mr. Bach imagines that the general public cares sufficiently about such disputes to boo the man who has been a consummate laughter-maker for forty years, he is sadly mistaken, for, if anything, their sympathy is with their old favourite.

If the idea is that non-union performers are to be pursued from town to town by Equity pickets, paid to boo, Equity will perish swiftly.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales with H. G. Owen-Smith (Magdalen), the noted athlete, to whom he has just presented a medal after Owen-Smith's defeat of Cunningham (Wanflete) in the boxing match between Magdalen College and Wanflete, held at the Magdalen College Mission, Clarendon Street, N.W.1

Lord Denman (handicap 8) and Miss Minoprio (scratch), winners of the Mixed Foursomes at Hyères for prizes presented by the Vicomte de Noailles. Miss Minoprio used only one club—a cleek—throughout the competition

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 3.—Lord Beaverbrook

ONE William Maxwell Aitken,
First Baron Beaverbrook,
Decided several years ago
To teach us how to run our show,
And so, upon his native snow
He cast one last long look,
Then, murmuring "Excelsior!"
Set sail for England's friendly shore.

Now William Maxwell Aitken,
Etcetera, Etcet.,
Has prospered vastly since that day,
And I am very pleased to say
He's quite well known down Fleet Street way,
Although he's yet to get
Old England clear of all her mess—
Via the "Standard" and "Express."

Yes, William Maxwell Aitken,
P.C. and ex-M.P.,
Is full of pep and push-and-go;
Beneath his feet no grass can grow,
In fact, I really do not know
A man as good as he
At getting what he wants done done.
(Forgive the awkward phrase, old son.)

But William Maxwell Aitken
(Plus all the other things)
In one respect must own defeat,
Since there's one man he chanced to meet
Whose patience has his Lordship beat,
So, though he gaily slings,
His arrows at his bête noire's throat,
He CAN'T get Stanley Baldwin's goat!

B. W.

"I wonder if the Whigham is married?"

Debs of 1933

New Portraits for the Mayfair Gallery

Miss Helen Villiers

Miss Audrey Warren Pearl

Above: Miss Helen Villiers is the youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Charles and Lady Kathleen Villiers. She is a first cousin of Lady Frances Cole, who is also being presented this year; her mother is the Earl of Enniskillen's only sister

Above, right: Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Pearl's débutante daughter, has already done some party-going, as her mother, who is a well-known hostess, has been entertaining for her. Mr. Warren Pearl is attached to the American Foreign Service in London

Right: Mr. and Mrs. James Chapman Walker's only daughter will be going to Court this year, too. Her parents have a house, Chapmore End, in Hertfordshire, and also a house in London

Extreme right: Miss Elizabeth Agnew is the only daughter of the late Captain V. C. W. Agnew and Mrs. Board, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. Claude Baggally, K.C. Her mother married Air Commodore Board, C.M.G., last year

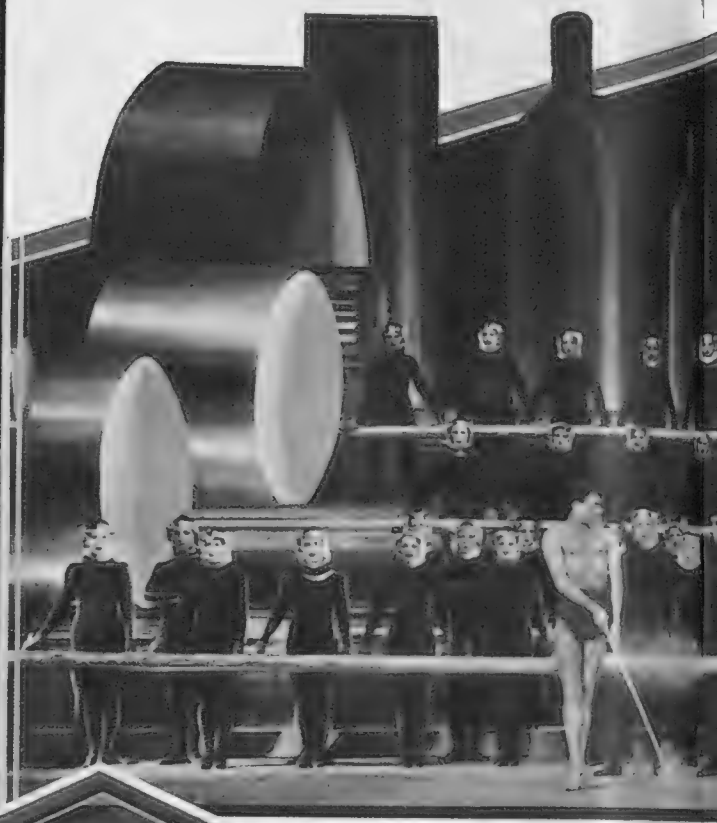
Miss Chapman Walker

Miss Elizabeth Agnew

"Such
The Stag

Left: Mephisto appears on the stage again in Berlin, where, after twenty years, the second part of Goethe's "Faust" is drawing crowds to the State Schauspeilhaus. Gustav Gründgens takes the part of the Devil, and here is wearing the mask of Phorkyas in the third Act

"Any Souls for Sale?"



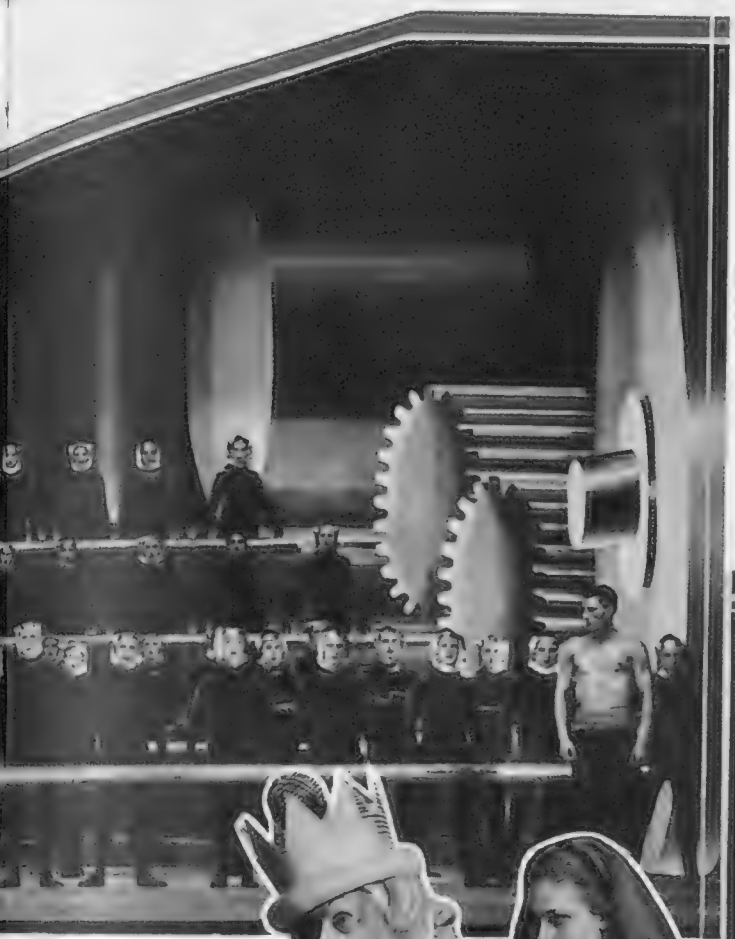
Right: the White Queen (Eva le utters her famous and melancholy on the subject of jam, wh (Josephine Hutchinson) push stray hairpins for her; from Eva le production at Amsterdam

Right: the idealistic King, Richard II. (John Gielgud) wants peace with France, but his uncles and counsellors, Lancaster, York, Gloucester, Arundel and the rest, are all for war and glory, in the name of England's prestige and at the expense of the commoners. The arguments for and against war in the fourteenth-century England of "Richard of Bordeaux," the play at the New Theatre, and in the cabinets of to-day seem strangely similar

A Pacifist King and His War-loving Lords in Council

n and So Various are the Tastes of Men"

age Offers its Most Widely Chosen "Abstracts and Brief Chronicles"



Left: the Casino de Paris falls under the spell of the machine as part of the stage décor shown in the new revue entitled "La Joie de Paris"; the modernistic scene is called "L'Homme et la Machine"

Right: O-Lan, the stoical, patient Chinese peasant woman of Pearl S. Buck's beautiful novel, "The Good Earth," has been created as a stage character by Alla Nazimova, in Owen Davis's dramatised version of the book, which has been produced by the New York Theatre Guild

Vandamm.

le Gallienne)
ly aphorism
while Alice
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the New
n Theatre

"Jam Yesterday, and Jam To-morrow, But Never Jam To-day"

Watching His Evil Potions Brew

The notorious and sinister Dr. Fu Manchu plots new terrors amongst the retorts and paraphernalia of his laboratory. In "The Mask of Fu Manchu," Boris Karloff, that master of make-up, adds one more character to his gallery of mysterious villains, and supernatural monsters

"Myself, When Young . . ."

Above: Lady Bridget Poulett to-day and yesterday

Below: Lady Pamela Smith as she was and as she is

Lady Bridget Poulett and Lady Pamela Smith both have "familiar faces" to-day, thanks to their promotion, since they came out, to the ranks of "Society lovelies." Two of these photographs justify their claim to fame; the other two show that they were hardly less attractive in the years when they were less well known

Photos by Marcus Adams and Bertram Park

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

I MIGHT have known that it was unwise to jibe at the journey to Dublin, as I did in these columns not long ago. What a judgment fell upon me! The blizzard, the postponement of the match between Ireland and Scotland—these were misfortunes enough; but that I should only hear of the postponement after crossing the Irish Channel was bitter indeed.

I need not recount how I crept to Liverpool through the snow, or what befell me during that evil night at sea; nor do I care to recall the mad race over lumps of ice from North Wall to Kingstown to catch the returning steamer, which cleared for Holyhead as my taxi made its last despairing skid towards the quay. It is enough to know that next Saturday I shall again be upon the Irish Channel, the kindly, flat, hospitable Irish Channel, on my way to see Ireland play Wales at Belfast.

What a thought! Eywallah, what a happy, happy thought!

And if we are going to have another blizzard, may it blow my train clean off the rails before we leave Euston. At any rate, let me be spared the kindly, flat, hospitable Irish Channel.

HAVING thus uttered the propitiating euphemisms, let us consider what I heard on that disgusting Saturday at the Shelbourne Hotel, in Dublin. You know the lounge there, perhaps, and how the Rugby football notabilities collect to fight their battles over again. Anyway, you can imagine it—a large and crowded room, thick with tobacco-smoke—and there it was that I learnt from those who ought to know that Scotland have a fine young team. The best team, in fact, for years, and certainly the best pack which has represented Scotland since the war.

I am anxious to see this Scottish pack, which includes no specialist hooker, but three interchangeable and first-rate front-row men. Incidentally, it was said that Beattie is the greatest forward in the four countries, which happens to be my own opinion. Not that Beattie is a polished player; he does not beguile us with the refinements of forward work in the G. S. Conway manner. His is a rougher style, but it is mightily effective. Look for the ball, and you find Beattie.

MORE interesting still were the comments upon the Scottish backs. Jackson, for instance, has the makings of a great stand-off half in him, an impression also cherished by some of us in the South.

He is by no means mature yet, but he has the right principles in him: he is cool and thorough, and with growing confidence the touches of individual brilliance will emerge.

Then Fyfe, and at the mention of his name the cheers, metaphorically speaking, were deafening. Fyfe is a footballer: he has the instincts of a born player, even if he lacks the requisite pace for a great wing three-quarter. And, this is the point, he may well train on into a centre, and this is where I think we shall find him serving Scotland in years to come.

All this made me regret more than ever the postponement of the match; it was unfortunate, too, that Scotland should be deprived of this stiffener before the Calcutta Cup battle at Murrayfield.

AS for Ireland, there was a certain amount of pessimism about, I much regret to say. I imagine there is pessimism now about next Saturday's game, largely because there seems to be no outstanding players behind the scrummage.

New Blood

I heard good things of Grogan, who was brought in at scrum-half as a substitute for Paul Murray. An attacking player is Grogan, inexperienced, perhaps, and a little shaky in defence, but a whale at shooting out a pass or running on his own.

There was very little support for the suggestion that Murray should return to stand-off half, where his nimbleness, his kicking, his eye for an opening might be valuable. "The further you put Murray from the scrum," the pundits said, "the more dangerous he is—an individualist, maybe, but not a constructive player."

WELL, that seemed final, and where, in truth, are the Irish backs? I did think that P. B. Coote, with his exceptional strength and thrust, might find a place in the centre, but since the beginning of the season his bull-at-a-gate methods have become rather less convincing.

A WELSH victory, in fact, is surely probable, though the Irish at home are hard to beat, especially when the odds are against them. There will be a grand scrap forward, but at half-back and in the centre Wales should have the pull. This is assuming, naturally, that Wales have recovered from their beating by Scotland. Temperamental folk, the Welsh: there 's no telling how we may find them,

Above: a Moseley forward "gets it in the neck" while attempting to get away in the match against Blackheath, at the Rectory Field

A human pyramid formed during a line-out in the match which ended in a draw between London Scottish and Cambridge University, at Richmond

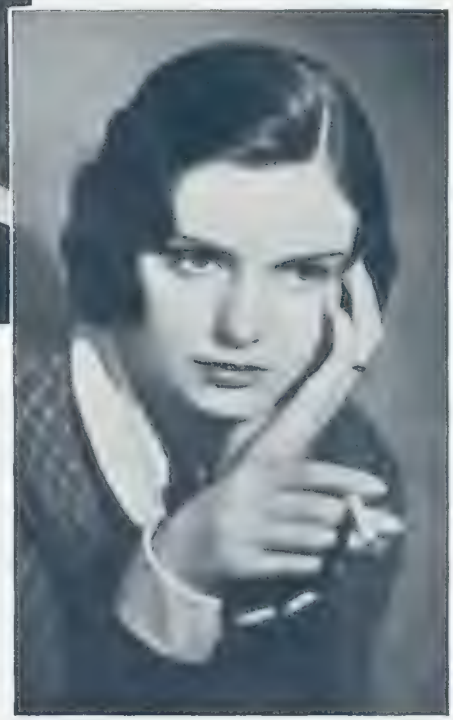
Books of the Week

Hates and Things: By "Ericus"

Catharine Brody, a new novel by whom, entitled "Nobody Starves," dealing with the consequences of the world's present economic policies, has been published by William Collins, Sons, and Co.

"WELL, well! Boys will be boys," the intelligentsia have been remarking lately in clubs and pubs, shaking their heads profoundly over recent events at Oxford. I can imagine their neck mussles receiving a further fillip from a still more recent emanation, *Red Rags, Essays of Hate from Oxford*, edited by Richard Comyns Carr, and published by Gollancz at 6*s*. Here are the Boys again, more Bitterly Boyish than ever. Though I must add at once that most of them have already, since their College Days—'Rah! 'Rah!—made some stir in the world as novelists, politicians, journalists, and so on, and are therefore perfectly entitled to their opinions, however quaint. These essays of theirs are challenging to a degree, and are obviously meant that way. But you must not confuse their rubescence with the Communistic variety. It is provocative, not political. As a matter of fact, this concerted gesture of hatred contains a great deal of what Mr. Sidney Howard calls "good stoof," satire and sincerity propounded for the most part in excellent literary style, as Mr. Justice McCardie remarks in a most polished epilogue. I particularly enjoyed the contributions by Richard Oke, already a brilliant novelist (*Moron in Uniform*), John Connell (*Purveyors of Sex-Bunk*), and Tangye Lean (*I Hate Orthodoxy*—and, I gather, nearly everything else). But how many of them only do it to annoy because they know it teases? I wonder.

ANOTHER illusion shattered, a dream dispelled! I had always hoped against hope that the French Foreign Legion was really the home of romance our novelists and film professors have so bravely depicted. But it is not to be. I have just read *The Man Who Liked Hell*, by ex-Sergeant A. R. Cooper (Jarrolds; 12*s*. 6*d*.). Sergeant Cooper must have been a terror as a lad. He thought nothing of holding up official retribution with a revolver and a knife or two. He was only fifteen when he first joined the Legion for a period of five years, during which he served with them in the Dardanelles, from April 1915 to the evacuation. At the



Madeleine H. Murat (Mrs. John Batten, wife of the film actor), author of "Side Streets," whose new novel, "New Soul," is being published by Putnam's

end of the five years he "took on again" for another five, which was eventually increased to seven by various terms of imprisonment. During this second period he served through the Riff campaign, jumped up and down, like a monkey on a stick, between the ranks of sergeant and second-class Legionaire, averaged seventy drunks a year—a record of which a much older soldier might well be proud—and tasted the doubtful joys of the prison at Sidi Bel Abbès and the Penal Battalion at Colomb Bechar. With the aid of his collaborator, Mr. Sydney Tremayne, he sets down every detail of a Legionaire's life, an unbiased account of hardship and discomfort, of drunkenness and decorations, yet breathing a constant and almost unwilling devotion to the Legion and its traditions. He explodes many theories, in particular the prevalent notion that the Legion harbours the riff-raff of the world. A most human and thoroughly interesting book.

HERE are two first novels that are well worth reading, *Bride of Quietness*, by Alexander Knox (Macmillan; 7*s*. 6*d*.), and *Paris Prelude*, by Christopher Howard (Bale; 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Bride of Quietness is a particularly impressive first book. The serene loveliness of Canadian timberland affords a perfect background for a most delicate boy-and-girl romance. Mr. Knox has a true sense of beauty, and his pictures of forest and mountain and shimmering water remain with you long after you have put down his book. So gently does the air of peace brood over everything that the final tragedy seems to break the silence like a gun-shot. There are some crudities of style and the story needs pruning. But undoubtedly here we have a novelist of real promise.

A LESS ambitious affair is *Paris Prelude*. A doctor, under sentence of death from an incurable illness, writes down the story of his first love. The scene is post-war Paris, and the three main characters are drawn with real skill and understanding I liked especially the young doctor's efforts to bring himself to earth by recollecting that the woman he was falling for was, after all, merely a collection of muscles, viscera and bones such as he had so often dissected without a qualm.

NEGLECT to "feed the brute" and where are you? In the case of the German Navy, at the bottom of the deep blue sea at Scapa Flow. It is astonishing, when you come to think of it, that the poor quality of the food issued to the German Fleet was originally responsible for the disintegration of a great people and paved the way for the success of the Allied armies. It is also a reflection on Germany's disciplinary methods that the officers paid so little attention to the constant complaints of their men. The natural outcome, the hunger-strike and mutiny of July 1917, forms the first phase of *Death of a Fleet*, 1917—1919, by Paul Schubert and Langhorne Gibson (Hutchinson; 12*s*. 6*d*.). There were, of course, other contributory causes. The High Sea Fleet had not put to sea for nearly a year, the pick of her officers had been transferred to submarines, where they would be of greater service, and the general morale was at its lowest. The authors carry on their story, rather jerkily, it is true, but with the greatest conviction and an appreciative eye for its dramatic possibilities, to the final refusal of the Fleet to sail and seek battle just before the Armistice and the subsequent wave of revolution that spread from Kiel to Berlin itself and created the German Republic. Even if you do not regard this book as a slice of history, which I, personally, think it is, you cannot fail to be gripped by so stirring a march of events. The chapter on the sinking of the Fleet at Scapa Flow is an epic in itself.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

By Madge Garland

WHITE, pale blue and dark blue ciré satin combine to make this lovely evening gown by Norman Hartnell, which is worn with such distinction by Miss Margaret Rawlings

Dorothy Wilding

Rockwell, Paris

Plaids, Checks

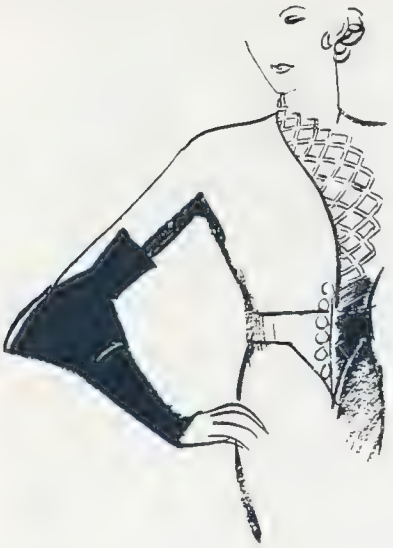
ONE of the most startling innovations in Paris this season is Mainbocher's revival of plaid taffeta as a medium for evening gowns, and we shall soon be rustling in a manner guaranteed to revive many fond reminiscences on the part of our mothers. The gown shown above is in red, orange, yellow and black plaid taffeta and has a removable cape jacket. The same gown without the jacket is shown on the centre figure in the group on the opposite page

Rockwell, Paris

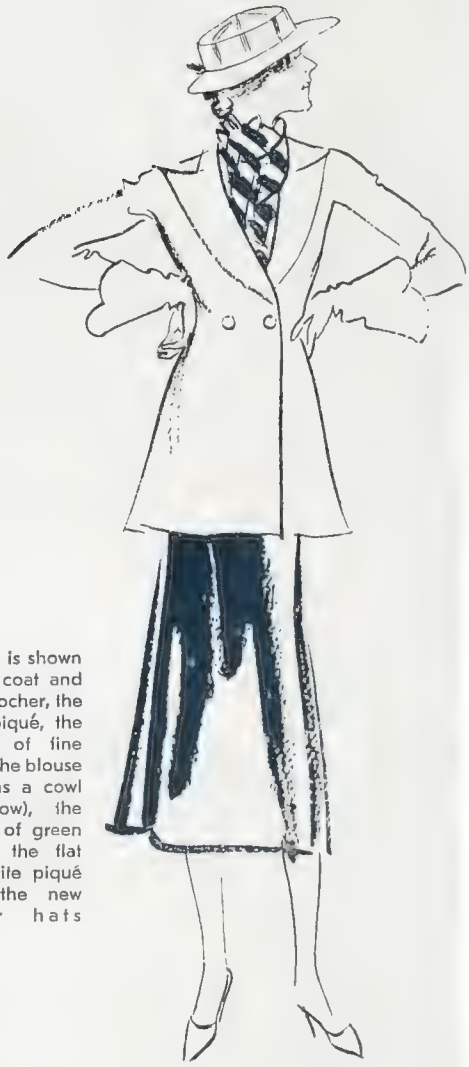
and Stripes

ON the left above is a check taffeta gown carried out in navy blue and beige. The seated figure shows the red, orange, yellow and black plaid taffeta gown, seen on the opposite page, without its coat. On the right is a white crêpe dress with wide stripes in different shades of royal blue and yellow which form a train. With this are worn blue suède gloves. The two small sketches on the opposite page also show models from Mainbocher, one of pink and green plaid taffeta with a matching cape, and the other of black georgette with a wrap and looped sash and ends of heavy black satin ribbon faced with scarlet

Rough Sketches from Paris



BLACK silk crêpe dress with novel collar and single rever composed of criss-crosses of white organdie padded and stitched with angora. From Worth



ON the right is shown a summer coat and skirt from Mainbocher, the coat of white piqué, the dress beneath of fine black alpaca. The blouse of the latter has a cowl neck (see below), the striped scarf is of green and white, and the flat sailor hat of white piqué is typical of the new Mainbocher hats

(Left)

A BLACK woollen ensemble has a waistcoat of green and red plaid silk and a collar of white piqué. From Louise-boulanger

(Extreme Left)

AN afternoon costume of black marocain is trimmed with red fox and has a waistcoat of white marocain. Worth

Right: Mrs. Gordon Ives, the Hon. Mrs. Sheepshanks, Viscountess Hardinge, Captain R. Stuart, V.C., D.S.O., (Commander of the Duchess of York), the Countess of Bessborough, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, Mrs. McConnell, and (seated) Lady Moira Ponsonby and the Hon. Mrs. Lascelles, who recently arrived at Liverpool on the C.P. liner, Duchess of York

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THE position of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to-day is unique. Never has there been a time when a Prime Minister was personally so secure. Even Lord Palmerston, that perennial Foreign Secretary, was not so indispensable. Most Prime Ministers are afflicted by an ambitious second-in-command who watches every movement of his chief, waiting to pounce at the first sign of failure. The last thing Mr. Baldwin wants is to resume his Premiership. Indeed, if Mr. MacDonald were, by some stroke of Fate, to disappear to-morrow, I do not believe that Mr. Baldwin would take over.

BUT who would? Some months ago a large number of Conservatives would have voted for Mr. Chamberlain. They would not do so to-day. The Chancellor's stock is very low. He did not improve it by leaving to his Financial Secretary, Mr. Hore-Belisha, the entire burden of seeing through the House the Austrian Loan Bill. His treatment of the House was cavalier; his treatment of his colleague hardly civil. But it is whispered that perhaps he was not without a motive.

MR. RUNCIMAN'S claims vanished when his father was made a Peer in the New Year's Honours. The next Prime Minister, whoever it may be, is at the present very much a dark horse. Remember, the Austen Chamberlain—Walter Long controversy ended in the emergence of Bonar Law.

IN the future there will be a fight for first place between Major Elliot and Mr. Oliver Stanley. There is bound to be; no one (unless it be Mr. Hore-Belisha) can prevent it. Major Elliot, of course, has a start in that he is already a Cabinet Minister and a Privy Councillor. But Mr. Stanley is a Stanley, and in the Conservative Party that means much. To begin with, it means Lancashire. Lord Derby is one of the few great landlords who may still be said to control votes.

THE Cecils' star is on the wane; the Londonderry's mounts higher in the heavens. There is a rumour that it will reach its zenith before the present Government comes to an end. I hope it will. Lord Londonderry deserves it. His good work has not been confined to the Air Ministry. With Sir John Simon he has borne the brunt of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

AT Geneva Captain Eden has had his chance and right fully has he taken it. On first sight he is too much the Etonian Guardsman (in classic phrase, "six glorious feet" of it) to be wholly prepossessing. But at the Foreign Office he seems to have found his spiritual home; he is obviously happy, and one so meticulously correct must be dear to the heart of the officials there.

How different Government Departments can be, one from another. The Foreign Office are patronising and a little supercilious; the Treasury are reticent to the extent of rudeness; the Service Departments are suspicious; the Ministry of Agriculture are bonhomous; the Board of Trade analytical. Do the Ministers take their cue from their Departments or vice-versa?

Mr. Robert Worth Bingham, the new United States Ambassador, who is well known on this side of the Atlantic, having paid many visits to Scotland, where he has spent part of the summer season

EACH question asked in Parliament costs the country something between a pound to thirty shillings. One would imagine, therefore, that Members would think twice before asking questions, the answers to which (if they do think twice) they already know.

BUT, in fact, at least twenty-five per cent. of the questions asked every day in the Commons need not be asked at all. Some Members think it good publicity value for their constituencies to read how active they are being; but a larger proportion seem to put down the first question that comes into their head.

TAKE Mr. Oswald Lewis, Member for Colchester since 1929. Recently he asked two questions on the tea duty. He wanted figures for taxation for 1931-32. Mr. Lewis was in the House at that time; he has books of reference by him now, he has only to turn them up. But he prefers to charge the country, at a minimum, £2 in order to be told that in 1931-32 there was no tea duty. Doubtless he made a point of it when he fought the election. The abolition of the tea duty was a Conservative measure, Mr. Churchill's last bid for popularity; doubtless in 1932 he defended its re-imposition. I cannot explain the reason for Mr. Lewis's question. Can he? Is there a reason?

I AM glad, for his sake, that Mr. Buchan-Hepburn is not to lose his job as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Oliver Stanley on the latter's appointment as Minister of Transport; but I am sorry for ours as it prevents us from hearing him speak. A P.P.S. is doomed to silence, a silly tradition which might be dispensed with. Mr. Buchan-Hepburn came into the House under Mr. Churchill's patronage, but he never became one of the Churchillian Chargers. His diplomatic training served him in good stead, and he has gone his own way without upsetting anybody.

THIS week the Army, Navy and Air Force Estimates are published. I prophesy some surprises. The Socialists will be able to attack on a wide front, a change from the past weeks when they have expended an enormous amount of energy in vituperation of their lost leaders. If the truth be told, the gaps in their ranks are hard to fill. Sir Stafford Cripps does his best, but one cuckoo doesn't make a harvest.

Breakfast in Bed and Cross-Word Puzzles

Celia Johnson Recruits at Richmond

Photographs by Swaebe

Looking at the Bird Rest

An Old Tree and a Young Terrier

After being one of the central figures in a murder mystery, as she is in "Ten-Minute Alibi," at the Haymarket Theatre, every evening, not to mention matinées, Celia Johnson has a right to take it easy between whiles, and these pictures, taken at her home in Richmond, show her under less horrifying surroundings

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf : Coming Events

Sir Martin Hall driving from the fourteenth tee for Ranelagh against the Household Brigade

Soldiers at Play

Left: Captain T. G. Lindsay (Household Brigade), beaten by Sir Martin Hall; and, right, R. M. Brinckman (Household Brigade), the only Singles winner

Major R. S. Lambert, of the Household Brigade, who were beaten by Ranelagh by 8½ points to 3½

We are rapidly nearing the start of a new season in the world of golf, as far as important fixtures are concerned. There are some who maintain that the Society's competition for its President's Putter, which is always held early in January, at Rye, actually opens the season. But I think a more sensible way of putting it is that this competition is the only first-class event which takes place in the close season, since there is a hiatus of over two months between the President's Putter and the next important event.

On March 28th and 29th the University Match takes place at Prince's, Sandwich. I have played this year against both Universities, and have come to the conclusion that the Oxford team is much more evenly balanced than is usual in a University side. There is really not a very great deal to choose in golfing ability between the Captain himself and those who are struggling, even as I write, for the last two places. Oxford lacks outstanding golfers this year: there is no Tolley, no Wethered, and no Beck. There is one, however, who shows every sign of eventually becoming a class player—and that is Middleton: I should say that he is certainly the best golfer of either of the sides to struggle at Prince's at the end of March. The remainder are a very even lot, with a new Blue, in Morrice, about the best.

Cambridge do not appear to have such a strong tail as have Oxford, and I frankly think it is very doubtful whether they will win many of the top matches, either. There is this year no Hope on the Cambridge side, although plenty of determination. Personally, if I were required to take a view at this early date, I would unhesitatingly wager on a Dark Blue triumph. Which, if my average of prognostications is anything to go on, practically assures Cambridge of victory.

But before the University Match there is our own event, The Bystander Trophy, which is to be held at Felixstowe on March 18th and 19th. Entries have come in for this Tournament at a gratifying rate, showing that the conditions are popular, and it is pleasant to note that although several of the stars are going to compete there will also be a fair number of long-handicap players in the field to make their path more difficult. The conditions of the Tournament have already been announced in this journal, and are such that the horrors of a qualifying competition are avoided, in spite of the fact that the event takes place partly by medal play and partly by match play. But no one can fail to qualify for some eight or other; on the other hand, the Trophy Eight, which will be composed of those who have returned the eight best scores under handicap, will take a certain amount of getting into. If I may offer advice it is that those who intend to compete should send in their entries at once, since it is already obvious that some form of limitation of entry will have to be exercised.

The next important events are the Halford Hewitt Cup Foursomes, at Deal, and the Professional Invitation Tournament, at Roehampton, both of which take place at the end of the first week in April.

The Halford Hewitt Cup is one of the most popular of all the events in the golfing calendar. It has a character all its own, and I am quite sure that the vast majority of those who compete would infinitely prefer to miss the Amateur Championship than to miss playing for their schools at Deal. A very well-known amateur international who has represented us with success against America in the Walker Cup Matches, once made the statement that there were two occasions in the year on which he tried his very utmost to produce the best golf that was in him. These two events were the Walker Cup Match and the Halford Hewitt Cup.

Of the other important amateur events the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase is to be held at Stoke Poges on May 17th; the St. George's Cup on June 10th, and the British Amateur Championship at Hoylake, starting on June 19th. This is a considerably later date in the year than usual, and so is the date of the Open Championship, which this year is to be held at St. Andrews, starting on July 3rd. This lateness has caused a certain amount of adverse comment from many who compete in these events. I am frankly not surprised, for the courses will not be at their best at this time of year if there is anything like a hot summer.

At the end of June, just before the Open Championship, the Ryder Cup Match takes place at Southport between our professionals and those of America. We should certainly have a very much better chance this year than we have had in the past, for, thanks to the keenness and energies of General Critchley in the South, and Mr. Spencer Newey in the Midlands, those who are likely to represent us have had an opportunity of playing first-class competitive golf during the winter months, when normally they would have been engaged in the monotonous and, from a playing point of view, stultifying effects of teaching rabbits all day long. There is no doubt that the British professional suffers as compared with his American colleague, in that he is so much more a servant of the club to which he is attached. Our own professional, except just for a short period in the summer when the important Open Events are on, spends his whole time giving lessons to his members, and, in some cases, looking after the courses which belong to the club, thus combining the duties of greenkeeper with those of professional.

The American professional, on the other hand, is allowed by his club (in the case of famous names this is actually expected of him) to travel round the country and the world, playing in all the important Tournaments throughout the year, and thus bringing reflected glory to the club which advertises his presence as professional. He is, however, very seldom at this club himself, but leaves all the routine work to his assistant or assistants.

I think we have an excellent chance of winning the Ryder Cup and thus making up for the failure of our amateurs last summer.

Women's Golf

Kent Foursomes

By

Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Diana Fishwick and Gene Sarazen, American and British Champion, photographed together at the first meeting in Florida, U.S.A.

Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Olive Reed with Mrs. L. Manvell and Miss Marriage, whom they beat by 8 and 7 in the final of the Kent County Foursomes

Dear Bystander—

I spoke a great deal too soon about the weather being kind to the 1933 edition of the Kent Foursomes. It was kind, in so far that play was possible, but that was chiefly because Mrs. Drysdale, by sheer inspiration, had arranged for all the rounds to be played at Barnehurst, and Barnehurst kept a smiling green face while some of its not very distant neighbours hid theirs under an inch or two of snow. But kind! I have once had the misfortune to watch golf on a worse day than the afternoon of the final. That was the final day of the "Eve" Northern Foursomes at Alwoodley in '30; but there was not much to choose between them. It is a little difficult to feel that conditions are "possible" when the thing which calls itself a ball looks more like a cubist's dream than a respectable rubber core, owing to the snow which has accrued to it. But Miss Morgan and Miss Reed gave the lie direct to anybody who dared to think that good golf could not be played with that strange-looking object.

I have a real admiration for Mrs. Rudge's golf. It is not very long since tennis and a horse took up all her attention. Then she transferred her affections to the game with the stationary ball, and all that enthusiasm and an excellent temperament can do, she is now doing. In the third round, she and Miss Butler gave eight strokes to Mrs. Lambert and Miss Oliver, and won by 3 and 2, largely because Miss Butler had one of those mornings (no rarity with her) when the putts rolled in as smoothly as butter, from every corner of the green.

I have really good news now about Miss Morgan. She has got a new putter and has lost that wrist wobble, so that I, for one, am going to expect great things of her in the future. They were giving thirteen strokes that morning to Mrs. Dodds and Miss Brown. Though this latter pair were actually one up at the 11th, Miss Morgan's side managed to win by 2 and 1. In the afternoon they had Miss Butler and the redoubtable Mrs. Rudge, who played with the utmost reliability and putted so well that it seemed as if Miss Butler's mantle had fallen upon her. Or, should one say, plaid rug? But Miss Morgan and Miss Reed were thoroughly determined. They were out in 37, and won by 5 and 3.

People expected that their final opponents would be Miss Doxford (who holds the Kent Championship, golfers' gymnastic classes, certificates for massage, and all sorts of other things, with an energy which is simply wonderful) and Mrs. Major. But they had gone down that morning to Mrs. Manvell, Kent's Hon. Treasurer, and Miss Marriage. Miss Marriage, with another partner, was taken a considerable way by her very short swing and fighting power in The Bystander Foursomes at Cruden last year. It was Mrs. Manvell who pushed the attack home so splendidly against Miss Doxford and Mrs. Major, and after beating them 3 and 2, they went on in the afternoon to win by 4 and 3 from Miss Precthel and Miss Sandle, two improving young golfers.

There was a sharp snow shower just as that semi-final finished, a good deal sharper in the night, but the snow did not lie at Barnehurst, and the morning round of the final was played under perfectly normal conditions—if it is normal to wear, I think it was five layers of jersey, as Miss Morgan did, or to take refuge under a rug.

I always think—I hope you agree with me—that a description of a match hole by hole is one of the dullest things you can possibly read. I am not going to recount shot by shot Miss Reed's splendid putts, nor Miss Morgan's, either. They both played simply splendidly in every department, and when Miss Morgan ran down a six-yard putt for a three at the 9th, they were out in 35 and 5 up. I don't think a stony heart is her trump card. Resolution seemed to wilt a trifle when the side was five up, and they had allowed it to become a mere four nine holes later. When they lost the first hole after lunch, the spectators, who had braved all the elements to watch such good golf, shuddered once or twice extra, and breathed an uncharitable hope that the other pair would not take the match far. By that time, the snow was lying on the ground and whirling through the air. It was misery personified. How Miss Morgan and Miss Reed got out in 39 was little short of marvellous. From the wreckage of a bedraggled notebook I seem to make out "magnificent" several times after the initial "M." That really was not too strong a word, and 8 and 7 was the just reward of virtue.

The chief thing that golfers talk about just now is "How's Miss Wethered getting along at Fortnum and Mason?" Miss Wethered, I can tell you from a personal visit, is looking extremely well and happy, thoroughly keen on her work,

Miss Wanda Morgan is here seen being kept warm by a friendly rug and thoughtful friend between strokes in the above match

and selling really beautiful clubs. One very interesting fact came out, and that is that she herself has taken to steel woods. Asked if she was hitting the ball even further with them (am I not the professional interviewer?), Miss Wethered replied that she did not think she found any difference in length, but that they did make it so simple to hit the shot as you wanted. As Miss Wethered has never before owned that she found it simple to hit any shot (whatever appearances may suggest), that is a statement which set me thinking not a little. What do you say about it?

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme

Long-Distance Cruising by Air : By Capt. C. E. Ward

High-Speed Flights

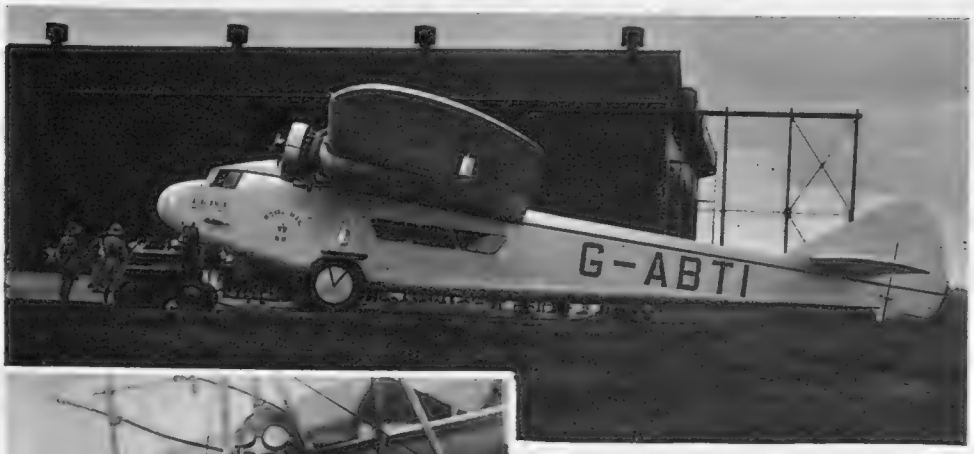
THE man who tries to sell cars with a guaranteed speed of eighty miles an hour or more is tackling a very limited market, for most people realise that top speed of this order is useless in England, besides which it has to be paid for in high running costs. In the same way, aeroplanes of the high-speed variety are expensive to buy and to run; they carry a very small useful load or, alternatively, you have to stop every two hours for more petrol, in addition to which they are difficult to land. Whereas speed for touring purposes on the roads has almost reached its limit, that in the air is capable of an enormous increase. The world's record for supreme speed, held by Great Britain, is in excess of 400 miles an hour, and in twenty-five years' time commercial 'planes will be on sale with this performance. Fifty years from now, speeds of 1000 miles an hour will have been achieved, sufficiently fast to encircle the globe at the Equator in twenty-four hours. Cruising speed must tend to rise year by year, but the fastest machines will always be limited in range because their powerful engines use more petrol than those in the touring class, and the average weight of a gallon of petrol, including that of the tank and pipes, is 10 pounds. This general statement assumes that re-fuelling in the air will not become standard practice, but will be restricted to use by certain types of commercial machines. Up to the present time, the transfer of supplies from one machine to another in mid-air has been carried out only as a stunt for record purposes or as a military manœuvre. The first attempt to utilise it for making a long-distance flight, without landing, is being organised by Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore.

A New Non-Stop Record?

A LOW-WING monoplane named the "Courier" has been built at York by "Airspeed." This machine incorporates many new features, the one of most interest being an under-carriage which can be withdrawn into the wing during flight, thus reducing head resistance and increasing speed. A novel improvement on existing retractable chassis, most of which are of American design, is that the wheels do not disappear entirely, a short rolling surface being left below the wing to ensure a safe landing if the mechanism should fail. The actual capacity of the machine together with its special re-fuelling arrangements are secret, but it is expected to have a range of 2000 miles, sufficient for a journey to Australia, filling up four times en route and once over the starting-point.

Embarking Supplies in the Air

FOR Sir Alan Cobham, such a journey will be merely a continuation of his series of pioneer flights through the Empire which started in 1924, the year in which he piloted the late Sir Sefton Brancker to Rangoon and back. For Squadron-Leader Helmore, who is a scientist, a pilot of some seventeen years' experience, a fuel expert, and the voice known to millions when he broadcasts on air events like the R.A.F. Display or the Schneider Trophy contests, such a flight will be a scientific experiment designed to prove that re-fuelling in the air must alter our previous ideas about the range and capacity of aircraft. It has been shown that a normal commercial machine can carry one-third more pay-load than it can lift safely from the ground merely by taking on board its fuel from a tanker over the aerodrome of departure. This is of particular importance to flying-boats, which have greater difficulty than land-planes in rising when heavily laden, and it may mean that we are nearer the day of a trans-Atlantic air service as an indirect result of the flights of the "Courier."



"Atalanta," the first of the Armstrong Whitworth monoplanes at Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia's airport for the copper-mining district. Eight of these machines are to be used by Imperial Airways for the Royal Mail route from Cairo to the Cape

A characteristic snapshot of Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, father of the Moth and the best-known British designer. He has been a pilot for more than twenty years, and still does some of the tests on his own machines. The "Dragon," the latest product from Stag Lane, is a great success, twenty-four being on order for early delivery

Landing Grounds for Schools

AN important change has been made at the Manchester Airport which should result in a great extension of flying activities in the Midlands. "Airwork," of Heston, is to manage the airport for seven years by an arrangement with the Corporation, and the Company will cater for private owners and commercial operators, as well as provide an air-taxi rank. The Air Ministry has installed a wireless and weather reporting station, because Manchester is a sort of half-way house for flights to Ireland and the West of Scotland. Mr. Lowe Wylde has transferred his works from Maidstone to Hanworth, where the "feather-planes," not yet named officially, will be put into production as soon as the final design has passed its tests. His light aircraft have many features of interest, amongst which are lower first cost and maintenance than any other aeroplane; simplicity of control; and ability to land and take off in a field no more than 150 yards square. There are literally thousands of sites in the country which could be used by such small machines, although unsuitable for the more powerful owner-pilot types which can fly round the world. Schools will have landing grounds in future, and one or two have been established already. Otter-shaw College, near Chertsey, is to be so equipped, its headmaster, Mr. Graham Jeffreys, and the bursar, Wing-Commander J. N. Fletcher, both of whom were in the R.A.F., being well qualified to lead in the movement which will put flying in the list of school sports.

The Race for the King's Cup

THIS event will take place on Saturday, July 8th, starting and finishing at Hatfield, which is the finest aerodrome for watching a race north of London. Only Civil machines of British construction are eligible, at a minimum handicapped speed of 110 miles an hour. There will be four different rounds of 200 miles each, eliminating heats being flown in the first, second and third rounds, followed by a final.

SPORT with the

A Frank, Fair and Fre

I CANNOT begin these notes without reference to the death of Arthur Young. The news reached me in the early morning, during a journey to Glasgow, and it was sad news indeed. It seems only the other day—it was just before Christmas, actually—that I was talking to him at the Rectory Field. He was home on leave from India, very much the same Arthur Young who used to delight the Twickenham crowd—a little more serious, perhaps, but still enjoying life to the full. There has never been a more popular or a more lovable Rugby footballer, nor, for that matter, a more original and dangerous scrum-half. As a lumbering, dull-witted forward I have many humiliating memories of Young's elusiveness; many a time I've tried to tackle him, only to find him ducking under my arms and away. A great player and the best of companions—his death is deeply felt in the Rugby world.

Right: the Oxford crew, taken from the coach's launch when out for a trial spin at Henley

Below: Young Stribling (centre) the American heavy-weight boxer, with his father (right) and Jeff Dickson, the promoter of the fight between Stribling and Pierre Charles, off by air to Paris, where they meet

THERE is, at the moment, considerable activity in golfing circles. First comes the announcement of the American Ryder Cup team, with Walter Hagen as captain again. An amazing fellow, Hagen, one of the real personalities in the modern sporting circus.

I always feel that sheer will-power pulls Hagen through against players who are technically better golfers; I should be prepared, at any rate, to back Hagen in his Ryder Cup singles match at Southport, whoever his opponent may be. He is bringing a formidable side with him, and the man I am most anxious to see is the burly Olin Dutra, who won the professional match-play championship of America last autumn.

Personally, I am not particularly optimistic about Great Britain's chances; not that it matters a row of pins whether we win or lose. And whatever happens, I hope we keep a sense of proportion about it, and don't rate this Ryder Cup affair with the World Economic Conference as matters of equal importance.

THE other golfing topic of the moment is the question of tipping, and there is no doubt in my own mind that golf is far too expensive a recreation for most of us. Unnecessarily expensive, too, when some crazy philanthropists give their caddies £1 tips, and spoil the market for most reasonable players. If only we had some sense, we should all of us agree to the proposal that tipping should be strictly prohibited, and that caddies should be paid a fair wage through the caddie-master. Tipping, anyway, is a degrading business, and the sooner it is abolished on our golf courses the better.

Above: a Bart's man collared in the Hospitals' Cup Tie between Bart's and London, won by the former by 6 points to nil after a good match

Captain Bishop, of the 9th Lancers, at the Cottesmore Meet at Tilton. It will be noted that he is riding side-saddle, and always does so, owing to injuries received in the war

Right: C. J. Mabey winning the Oxford University Three Mile race, after making his own running, in 14 min. 39 secs. The record is 14·23⅕

WELL, the last Test Match of the M.C.C. tour is over, and England have regained the Ashes. Up to a point the tour has given us cause for satisfaction; Jardine has captained his team magnificently,

LID OFF:

Commentary

By "Mark Over"

and he and his men deserve the warmest congratulations. On the other hand, there is still the body-line controversy to be settled, and here I must comment on a most reasonable letter which has reached me from a reader in Australia. My correspondent gives due praise to the English players, and to Larwood in particular, but he has watched the big matches, and he states definitely that, in his opinion, Larwood was bowling at the batsmen. He also makes the point which I stressed in these columns, that it is unfair to compare Larwood to Gregory and Macdonald. The Australian speed-merchants may have bumped the ball, but they were bowling to four slips. Larwood is bowling to four short-legs, and that is a different story, with obvious implications. I don't propose to dogmatise about games I have not seen, but I will go so far as to say that my sympathies are with this correspondent. Body-line bowling is the culminating tactical move in a form of cricket which is not cricket as it was originally understood. Test Match cricket, in short, is no game at all, and I am inclined to think that we should benefit by a prolonged cessation of hostilities. I hope, at any rate, that we have heard the last of this body-line business, which is a negative and cramping method of attack, to say the least of it.

Another correspondent assures me that Larwood has proved that Bradman is really not a great batsman. I find it hard to agree with this; after all, results count, and Bradman's average in Test Matches is still 99, a formidable figure indeed.

And now I hear that the Oxford crew have broken training because there is a danger that they may go stale. I think Erskine Crum is wise; Oxford have still a good deal of polishing to do, but staleness is to be avoided at all costs.

Mention of Oxford, brings me to yet another letter, in which an ingenious theory is propounded. The writer is concerned about Oxford's apparent loss of the will to win, and suggests that the reason may be found in the fact that whereas Cambridge remains a University city, Oxford has become an industrial town. There is, says my correspondent—a Tab, incidentally—still the old unity of purpose at Cambridge — the tradesmen depend on the University for their main livelihood, and have the interests of the various teams at heart so that there is, throughout the city, a general team spirit, so to speak. At Oxford that spirit is disintegrating: the University activities are becoming merged in business affairs — motor-cars and so on—and sporting affairs are affected by our increasing lack of concentrated support. An interesting theory, though perhaps it is rather far-fetched. And Oxford haven't done so badly lately, anyhow, except on the river.

Left: G. S. de Freitas qualifies for the final by jumping 5 ft. 8 in. in the Cambridge Sports

H. W. Austin, with shorts on and tongue out, defeated by Baron von Kehrling, at Nice. Austin and Olliff were also beaten in the doubles

The Doggy World

Four Don'ts: By Lady Kitty Ritson

DON'T worm your dog unless you absolutely must; at any rate, never do it as a chance remedy and because you think he looks out of sorts.

Don't wash your dog unless he is suffering from skin trouble or has rolled in something dirty; then wash him in one of the recommended preparations.

Don't over-feed your dog in any circumstances.

Don't under-exercise your dog in any circumstances.

Having been destructive in my criticisms, I will now proceed to tell you what to do and to give you a little constructive advice.

Worming a dog because he looks out of sorts is about as useful as giving a person an emetic because he looks pale. You may be pretty certain that only one dog in fifty has died or suffered real inconvenience because of worms. A sick dog who has worms will suffer because he is sick in other ways, and the worms can get the better of him, but if he were healthy he would not feel them. An immense amount of nonsense is talked about tape-worms—ignore it!

And the Dog Doesn't Mind!

An Alsatian, suffering from misplaced teeth, being attended to by a dentist, who can be seen above cementing in the bridge of the special gold denture

DOGS do not need washing, and I am always surprised at the advice given by people who ought to know better when they tell novices to wash a dog once a week in summer and twice a month in winter: a piece of nonsense I read in a children's column devoted to pets in a paper that should know better. If a dog is kept in the house and regularly groomed, that is all he needs. The amount of grease that remains in his coat is necessary to keep his coat glossy and healthy. Ordinary soap acts as an irritant, and is likely to make the dog scratch. Should he live in a town, and the white parts of his coat become rather grubby, you can at intervals use Bob Martin's Antiseptic Chalk block. It is like a dry shampoo, and I use it for my own dogs. You may be sure that anything I recommend, I do so because I consider it good, not from any ulterior motive. I am not in thrall to any maker of anything, and I only care for what does a dog good. This chalk block brings up the white most dazzlingly, and I use it on my Finnish Spitz before shows, and she is generally "in the money."

IF your dog has any form of skin trouble, I once again recommend La Toja soap and salts. Since I first mentioned it in this paper, I have had literally dozens of letters from people who have used it. Miraculous is the only word for it, because, scientifically, I cannot explain the way it cures all skin troubles, but there it is—it does. It has cured a camel at the Zoo, amongst other animals, that was doomed to die owing to skin trouble.

Give your dog dog-biscuits and raw and cooked meat, and no tit-bits, no potatoes, no milk, no gravy, no bread. If you do this, he is not likely to be over-fed. If he won't eat them, let him starve till he does—if necessary, several days.

Let him run about the garden all day, if you have one; if not, give him two long walks a day. If you can't, do not keep a dog, that 's all!

Greyhounds in Action

Greyhounds, racing together in the straight during a trial at Harringay, attempting to capture the hare which is never caught

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

ALTHOUGH the licensed greyhound tracks are giving full support to the Home Office ruling upon the illegality of "Totes" on greyhound courses, several tracks outside the jurisdiction of the N.G.R.C. have evolved schemes for continuing betting on the principle of the "Tote" which are stated to be within the law.

Some of the ingenious systems which have been put into operation in order to provide the public with an alternative form of betting to the bookmaker, have brought into use "human Totes" and "Tote" booths upon wheels. The movable nature of these methods precludes, it is believed, the application of the Acts of 1853 and 1928 to those responsible.

Six men, numbered one to six, representing the numbers on the greyhounds, form the human "Tote," and if you wish to back a certain greyhound you place your money with the man bearing that dog's number. The amount placed on each dog is recorded on a blackboard, and the amount paid out on the winner depends upon the total amount of money staked.

THE HOME OFFICE views with great disapproval these efforts to circumvent its recent ruling that, until the Betting Commission's final report has been published and considered by the Government, totalisator betting should be stopped on greyhound race tracks. Its legal advisers are studying the matter carefully, and intend to enforce the law, which, seemingly, is not so loose as some totalisator enthusiasts believe, and stern measures will be taken at the earliest possible moment to put a stop to those operations involving "Tote" principles, which are intended to get round the existing Acts.

Major C. E. Lucas Phillips, Secretary of the N.G.R.S. has recently stated that, having accepted the Home Office ruling, the tracks in England and Wales affiliated to the Society were sticking to the intention and letter of the law. "Every day, schemes are being put up to us by various people whereby we could operate our 'Totes' within the law, but we have no desire to resort to such methods to secure an alternative form of betting for our public," he said. "The justice of the case for totalisators upon greyhound race tracks is such that we feel these can be obtained in due course through legal means."

I have in the past few weeks pointed out this fact very strongly, and it is encouraging to think that a fully legalised totalisator will return to our tracks: the sooner the better, for the public is being unnecessarily inconvenienced.

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

Tea & Chatter

Gowns and shops and shows and things!—Very informal but delightfully intimate.

One of the many occasions in the daily round of social life, when the Lovable Fragrance of the Yardley Lavender perfectly fits the mood and moment and gives it an added charm.

Lavender Perfume: New Reduced Prices 1/3 to 10/6, and in Larger Sizes up to 2 Gns. Lavender Soap —*'The Luxury Soap of the World'*— 2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Cream 3/-, Complexion Powder 1/9, Compact 2/-, Lipstick 2/-, etc.

(Prices do not apply to the Irish Free State)

YARDLEY HOUSE
33 Old Bond Street
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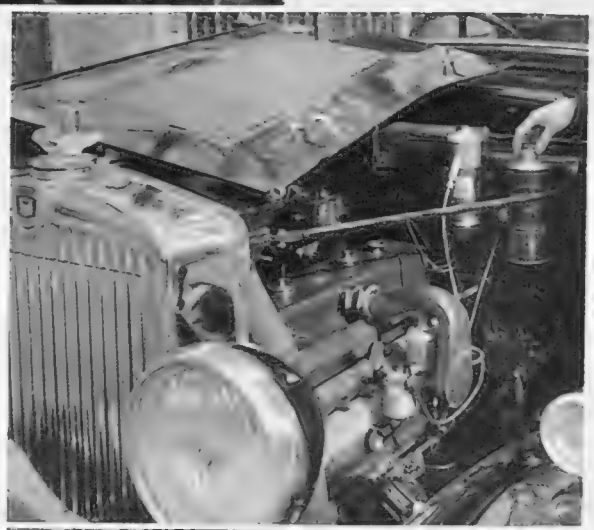
YARDLEY LAVENDER

Below : the new Morris Oxford, in addition to its numerous more concrete virtues, is a remarkably good-looking car. Graceful lines and interior comfort have been well combined

The back seat is genuinely roomy, and permits the passenger the luxury, not always universally granted nowadays, of ample head-room and leg-room



Left : the engine is a very sturdy unit, and has the virtue, common to all Morris models, of running particularly smoothly over a wide range of speed

CARS with a Personality

The 16-h.p. Morris Oxford

By The Earl of Cardigan

I SUPPOSE that, even to those who are accustomed to proclaim that they "do not know one car from another," the words "Morris Oxford," appearing at the head of this page, must somehow strike a familiar note. This is scarcely to be wondered at when one considers that the first Morris Oxford car was built as long ago as 1912, that this model scored its first genuine success immediately after the war, and that, ever since, it has kept itself consistently in the forefront of motoring development.

The Morris Oxford has always, for instance, been a comfortable car. It is so to-day, being more roomy than most, and providing genuine head- and leg-room for a full complement of six-foot passengers. With the years, it has gained very greatly in good looks, and has acquired "lines" which are distinctly handsome. Its one hereditary fault—an indifferent driving position—has, to a considerable extent, been remedied.

The controls are well placed, and instruments neatly grouped. The gears, though on orthodox lines, are remarkable for their unusual ease of operation

Left : a really substantial luggage-grid is fitted. A practical feature this, since it imposes no real limitation upon the size and shape of the varied type of articles which it may be necessary to carry

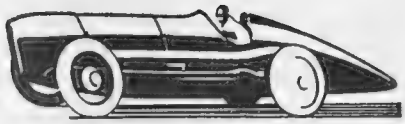
ITS performance on the road, while always good, has never been of the spectacular variety. To-day, however, I should be inclined to describe it as, at least, unusual. There are not many cars which possess such liveliness, combined with remarkable silence and complete freedom from vibration. The new 16-h.p. engine is a very smooth and willing worker, giving maximum speeds of about 60 and 40 m.p.h. in top and third gear respectively.

The comfortable cruising speed is relatively high—in the neighbourhood of 50 m.p.h. It is seldom, in ordinary running, that the gear-box is required ; but it is worth noting that this unit likewise does its work in a remarkably efficient manner. Nowadays, so common is the automatic "fool-proof" gear-box, there is a tendency for ordinary gears to be regarded as relatively "difficult" to handle. Anyone who thinks thus would be well advised to try a Morris. The four-speed gear-box of this car is, to my mind, simplicity itself. Only a grossly bad gear-change fails to engage in a silent and effortless manner.

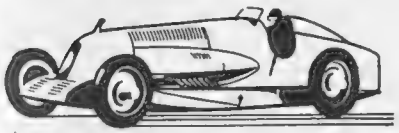
The brakes are excellent, being of the hydraulic type which seems to be becoming well-nigh universal. Certainly, there is no more agreeable braking system from the driver's point of view, and none which, when properly designed, is more consistent and reliable. The springing is good, and the steering pleasant, without being exceptional.

Throughout the car, every care is obviously taken to ensure for the owner both convenience and, above all, value for his money. In this respect, the Morris Oxford is as fine a proposition to-day as it has ever been, the saloon model being priced very reasonably indeed at £265.

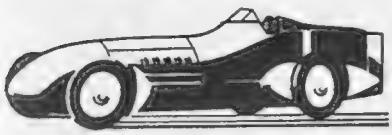
272 m.p.h!



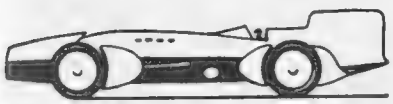
1925 On July 21st, on Pendine Sands in a Sunbeam Car, Sir Malcolm first secured the coveted record at 150.86 M.P.H.



1927 On February 4th, in the Napier-engined "Bluebird" on Pendine Sands he broke the record at 174.88 M.P.H.



1928 On February 12th, at Daytona for the first time, Sir Malcolm attained 206.95 M.P.H.



1931 On February 5th, again at Daytona with a supercharged Napier-engine in "Bluebird," the record fell at - 246.09 M.P.H.

1932 On February 24th, Sir Malcolm raised his record to 253.96 M.P.H.

The portrait of Sir Malcolm Campbell is reproduced by the courtesy of the "Autocar"

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

FOR THE SIXTH TIME

SIR MALCOLM

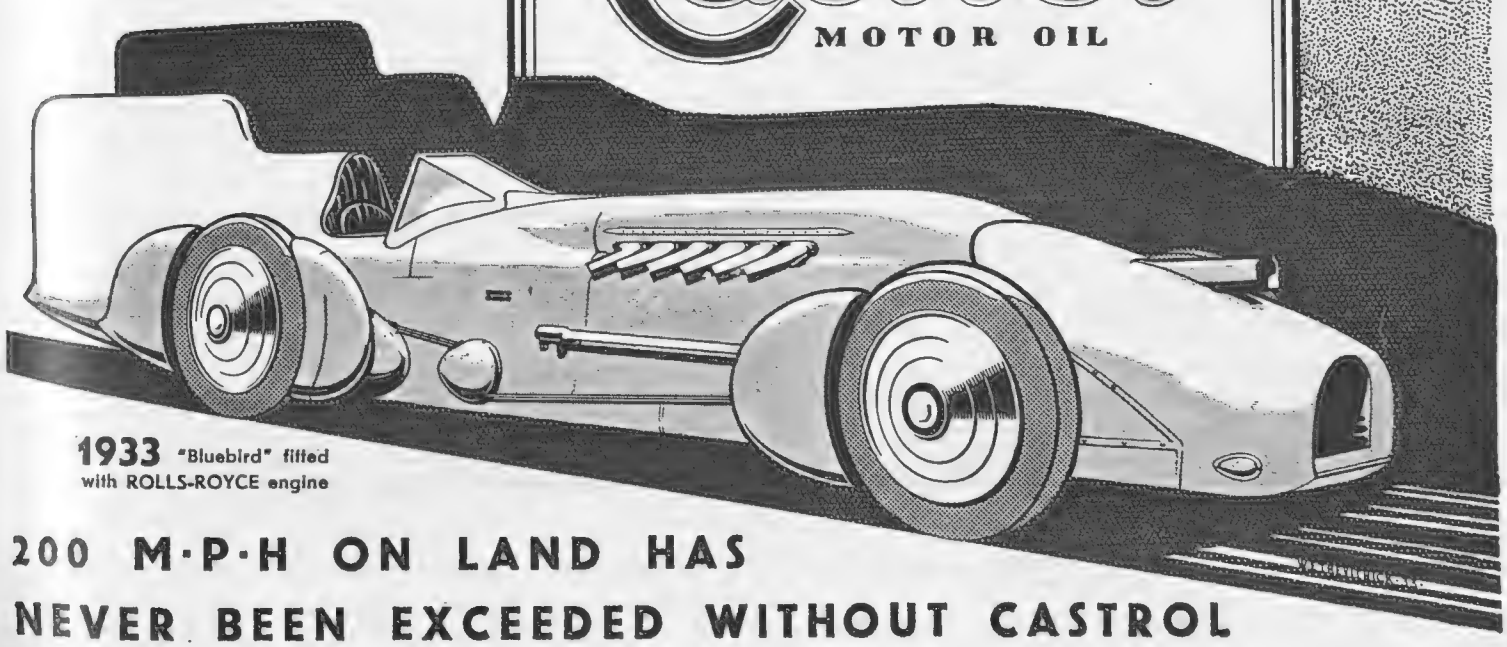
CAMPBELL

CHOSE

WAKEFIELD

Castrol

MOTOR OIL



1933 "Bluebird" fitted with ROLLS-ROYCE engine

200 M·P·H ON LAND HAS NEVER BEEN EXCEEDED WITHOUT CASTROL

The Gourmet

Conducted by Emilia

LUNCHEON

GRAPE FRUIT

*

FILETS DE SOLE À LA VICTORIA

*

GRENADINS DE BŒUF À LA FRANÇAISE
POMMES NOUVELLES

*

SOUFFLÉ AUX PÊCHES

*

CAFÉ

Filets de Sole à la Victoria

FILLET a good-sized sole and cut the fillets into convenient-sized pieces and roll them. Sprinkle a buttered fireproof dish with chopped mushrooms, finely chopped parsley, one small onion finely minced, and a few mixed herbs. Place the fish rolls on this, and pour enough stock (with a wineglassful of white wine) to practically cover the fish. Add more mushrooms over this, and sprinkle grated cheese over the top. Place in the oven for about half an hour, allow it to get slightly browned, and serve in the dish in which cooked.

Grenadins de Bœuf à la Française

TAKE a pound or so of undercut of beef, and cut it into fillets, shaping them nicely; slice bread ¼-inch thick and cut into rounds the same size as the meat; scrape some new potatoes and fry in deep fat until a golden brown; then fry the rounds of bread. Brush the fillets with butter and grill rapidly for about two minutes on each side; then reduce gas and grill for eight to ten minutes altogether. Place a fillet on each round of fried bread and place on a hot dish with the potatoes as a garnish, with a pat of maître d'hôtel butter on each fillet. *Maître d'hôtel butter*: Mix together on a plate 1 oz. of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice; leave in a cool place till required, and then form into rolls and use as directed.

Soufflé aux Pêches

PEEL six ripe peaches, put them into a casserole with 4 oz. of castor sugar and one cup of water; cook till tender, then rub through a sieve. Blend 1 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of flour in a saucepan over the fire, add gradually half a cupful of milk, and stir till it boils; then add the peach purée and boil again for three minutes. Remove the saucepan from the fire, add the yolks of three eggs one by one, then beat up one egg-white stiffly and add to the mixture. Put into a buttered soufflé dish and bake for half an hour, or it may be steamed for three-quarters of an hour.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

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For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of.....*of which I am a member.*

The Editor's Box

Good-bye to Cobwebs

Everyone has the feeling from time to time that they must have their London cobwebs blown away, and it is becoming more and more the fashion to think of the Branksome Tower Hotel at Bournemouth as the place to go for this. The combination of sea air and pine-woods is unbeatable as a cobweb remover, and this hotel, with its own cliffs, foreshore, woods and gardens can be practically guaranteed to send the tired Londoner back after a week-end with not even one shred of one web left. At this time of year, too, when the wind obstinately remains in the north and east, there are sheltered corners in the garden where it is easy to forget that it is March and England.

The hotel is extraordinarily comfortable, thanks to the genius of M. Burdet, the manager, who was until lately the second in command at the Carlton. No detail is too small for his supervision. The cuisine is excellent; the cocktails are made by Ricardo, which says all that need be said about their quality; and the whole running of the hotel makes it certain that anyone who has stayed there once will stay there twice, and twice as long the next time too. Which explains why the hotel is never empty, and at week-ends is most definitely full.

A view of the Branksome Tower Hotel, at Bournemouth, where nothing lies between the windows of the hotel and the sea but scented pine-woods

Do YOU Read Advertisements?

Very few people will confess to being regular advertisement readers, although why this is so is always a mystery. For no one likes to be found behind the times or unknowledgeable about what is going on, and advertisements contain such an enormous amount of news and information that the up-to-date man and woman simply can't afford to miss them. For instance, on page iii in this issue is offered a booklet which should be in every home, so vital is the information on dietetics and digestion that it contains. It is published by Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, and will be sent free and post free to anyone who writes for it, mentioning this paper.

Gramophone Golf

This is not a new game, but a new way of learning an old game—a way of having golf lessons without going outside one's own sitting-room. Two double-sided gramophone records are now on the market, which were shown at the British Industries Fair by the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph Works Company, consisting of four lessons specially written by Archie Compston. On one record are "The Drive" and "The Iron"; on the other "The Approach" and "The Putt." The two records cost four shillings, and each lesson lasts for 4½ to 5½ minutes (as against 3 minutes for the average record). A soft practice ball is given with each record, and with the second a putting disc as well, for use with Part 4.

ROYAL MID-SURREY NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 30th, 1933.

"THE BYSTANDER" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Ninth Year)

To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Friday, April 7th, 1933.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* } .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey with

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....and *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

"BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITION

Results of the February Monthly Medal Competition will appear in next week's issue.

For your car:

SHELL

IS THE WORLD'S MOST RELIABLE PETROL

R.A.F. NON-STOP FLIGHT

Sq. Ldr. O. B. Gayford and Fl. Lt. G. E. Nicholetts flew 5340 miles non-stop from England to South Africa on SPECIAL SHELL AVIATION PETROL

Mr. MOLLISON'S FLIGHTS ACROSS BOTH ATLANTICS

Mr. J. A. Mollison has flown the North and South Atlantic Oceans in record time on SHELL AVIATION PETROL

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

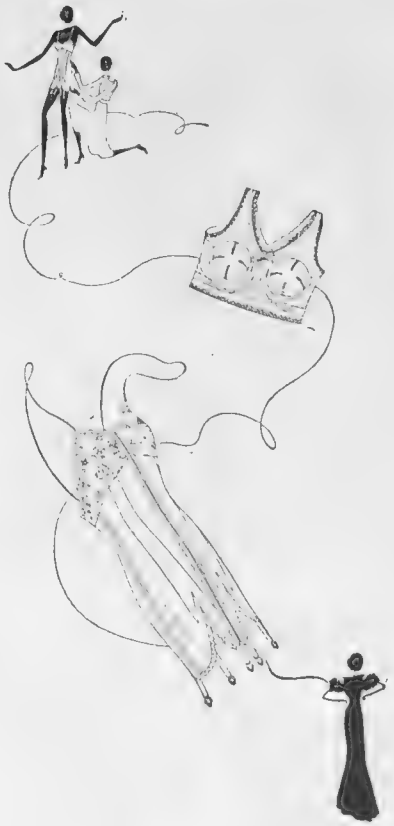
BEAUTY OF FORM

A Foundation Garment cut with Anatomical Accuracy as well as Æsthetic Perception, to Correct Defects or Make the Beautiful Body More Perfect and, in all cases, Better Balanced and, therefore, Healthier and Happier.

LIFE is full of surprises. One hardly expects to have an intensely interesting conversation about beauty; the importance of mental as well as physical attitude in the creation or destruction of a beautiful, balanced and healthy body; anatomical and racial differences, physical abnormalities and rehabilitations, and even poetry, in a "lingerie" shop. But then the creator of "Beautiform" as little resembles, mentally, the average maker of stays and underclothes as her beauty-building and corrective creations resemble what we mean by the word "corset."

MADAM MAUD, of 78, Baker Street, stresses the fact that her "Beautiform" garments are *not* corsets. They are designed to give correct and necessary support to the human body, to educate it to achieve a healthy and proper carriage, to relieve pressure and depression, so that circulation and the internal functions operate as they were intended to by Nature and, at the same time, to give to each individual figure native grace and beauty.

Madam Maud was and, one must say, still is an artist. Her knowledge of anatomy and her feeling for beauty have been invaluable to her in what is definitely the creative business of moulding the human body. What the "Beautiform" garments do in the way of correcting defects, such as spreading hip lines, reducing superfluous flesh, lifting the bust and supporting abdominal muscles, is achieved simply by cutting: I say, "simply," but this is, of necessity, an intricate business, evolved through years of experience and based on something akin to genius.



In these "Beautiform" garments Madam Maud has attained the perfect alliance of Science and Art for the production and preservation of beauty and health

EACH of the "Beautiform" models, and there are nearly forty, is founded and moulded on an actual figure, and is capable of expression in any size. Their importance to-day, when figures are returning to fashion and dresses are fitted, is indisputable, and the fact that, by giving their wearers a sense of well-being as well as confidence and pride in their physical beauty, they actually improve health, means that they have, undoubtedly, a salutary psychological effect.

That this is recognised not only by a discriminating public, but by dressmakers who *must* have good figures to fit in order to do justice to their models, is proved by the fact that Madam Maud's business has increased progressively through the "slump" years, when the West End fashion trade had nearly reached its nadir.

TO the woman with a heavy figure, or one debilitated and spoiled by illness or circumstances, the "Beautiform" garments are indeed a godsend and a revelation of the possibility of rehabilitation and recovery. For the expectant mother there are perfectly cut garments which dissipate all fear of lost figure and give comfort and correct support which are of the greatest importance. But, equally, there are "Beautiforms" for the slender and also for the under-developed, and even for babies, so that the youngest of potential "beauties" can have their little bodies educated and moulded to beauty, health and balance.

"Beautiforms" are made in English washing fabrics, in gauzes, crêpe-de-Chines and satins; they are economical because they *never* lose their shape; and there are cleverly devised evening models to meet the demands of the most décolletté gown.

Slim FOR ALLURING LINE

"Slim" is an effective and safe treatment for excessive fat. Its first action is to make the flesh less hard and secondly, the adipose or fatty tissue disintegrates and disappears like magic. Everybody who has a tendency to 'put on' weight should take this wonderful slimming remedy. "Slim" is perfectly harmless and may be taken by anyone who suffers from obesity with the certainty that it will be effective.

Take "Slim" and keep fit. Price 5/- and 3/9. Postage 2d. Send for FREE illustrated Booklet containing interesting Herbal remedies.

THE SOCIETY OF HERBALISTS
CULPEPER HOUSE *(ONLY ADDRESSES)*
21, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, W.1.
18, Knightsbridge, S.W. 7, Baker Street, W.1.
11, Royal Exchange, E.C.2.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton St., Bond St., London, W.1

BUSINESS DAYS ARE BENGER DAYS

An interesting booklet, describing how Benger's Food partially digests itself while you prepare it, and how different it is from any other food obtainable, will be sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Manchester.

It is Benger time when, at the end of the day, you are too tired to enjoy your leisure hours. "Too tired" because your mental and physical reserves have been used up in concentrated work, and in the daily rush to and from the Office. New energy and new health are provided quickly by taking Benger's Food. It is scientifically prepared for assimilation with little digestive effort, and is one of the most highly nutritious foods known to the Medical Profession. The time to take Benger's Food is between meals, and always a cupful at bedtime to restore you while you sleep.

"We have always recommended Benger's Food as a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy preparation, and see no reason now, in spite of the multiplicity of competing foods, to qualify or withdraw that recommendation."
The "Practitioner."

BENGER'S Food
Regd. TRADE MARK.

309a

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

The leading hair tonic and dressing since 1793.
3/6, 7/= & 10/6

A. Rowland & Sons, Ltd., 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.

FOR —— **Your Throat**

'Allenburys'
Glycerine and Black Currant
PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

YOUR CHEMIST STOCKS THEM
In tins: 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

"The Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (11th Year)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, April 7th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before April 7th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

By kind permission of Moortown, competitors may practise over the course on Monday, April 24th, without payment of green fee.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1933, will be held at Moortown, near Leeds, by kind invitation, April 25th and following days.

Holders: MISS BERYL BROWN and MRS. BARBOUR.

HOTELS

The Bystander headquarters will be **The Prince of Wales Hotel**, Harrogate, on bus route to Moortown. Inclusive terms for not less than three days, rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 14/- inner rooms, 15/- front rooms. With lunch and tea, 17/6 and 18/6. Free garage to residents.

Granby Hotel, Harrogate. Hotel bus available to connect with Moortown bus. Inclusive terms, meals, baths, rooms, and after-dinner coffee, 14/6 per head. With lunch and tea, 18/6 per head.

Queen Hotel, Harrogate. Rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 15/- per head, or 12/6 without dinner. With all meals, 18/-.

Lion House Private Hotel, West Park, Harrogate, on bus route. Full board residence, £3 3s. per week or 12/6 per day, including baths and after-dinner coffee. Partial board, 9/- per day.

Queen's Hotel, Leeds. Inclusive terms, all meals, room, baths, and after-dinner coffee, 22/- per day or 17/6 without lunch or tea.

Buses every fifteen minutes to and from Harrogate to Moortown: time, 36 minutes; fare, 2/3 return. Leeds to Moortown ditto: time, 12 minutes; fare, 8d. return.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes
N. P. F. A. Competition (2nd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MISS ESTHER BLACK.

In conjunction with THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, will be held by the courtesy of the Club at Sand Moor G. C., adjoining Moortown, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Two shillings entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A., 25% to the Yorkshire West Riding Branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 25th, to Friday, April 28th, inclusive. Cards to be returned by 6 o'clock on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and by 12.30 p.m. on the Friday.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Sand Moor G. C., may decide.

MOORTOWN — NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Eleventh Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, April 7th.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Moortown, near Leeds, on April 25th, 1933, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 22nd to Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate. Telegrams: Helme Elegance Harrogate. Tel.: 4676 Harrogate

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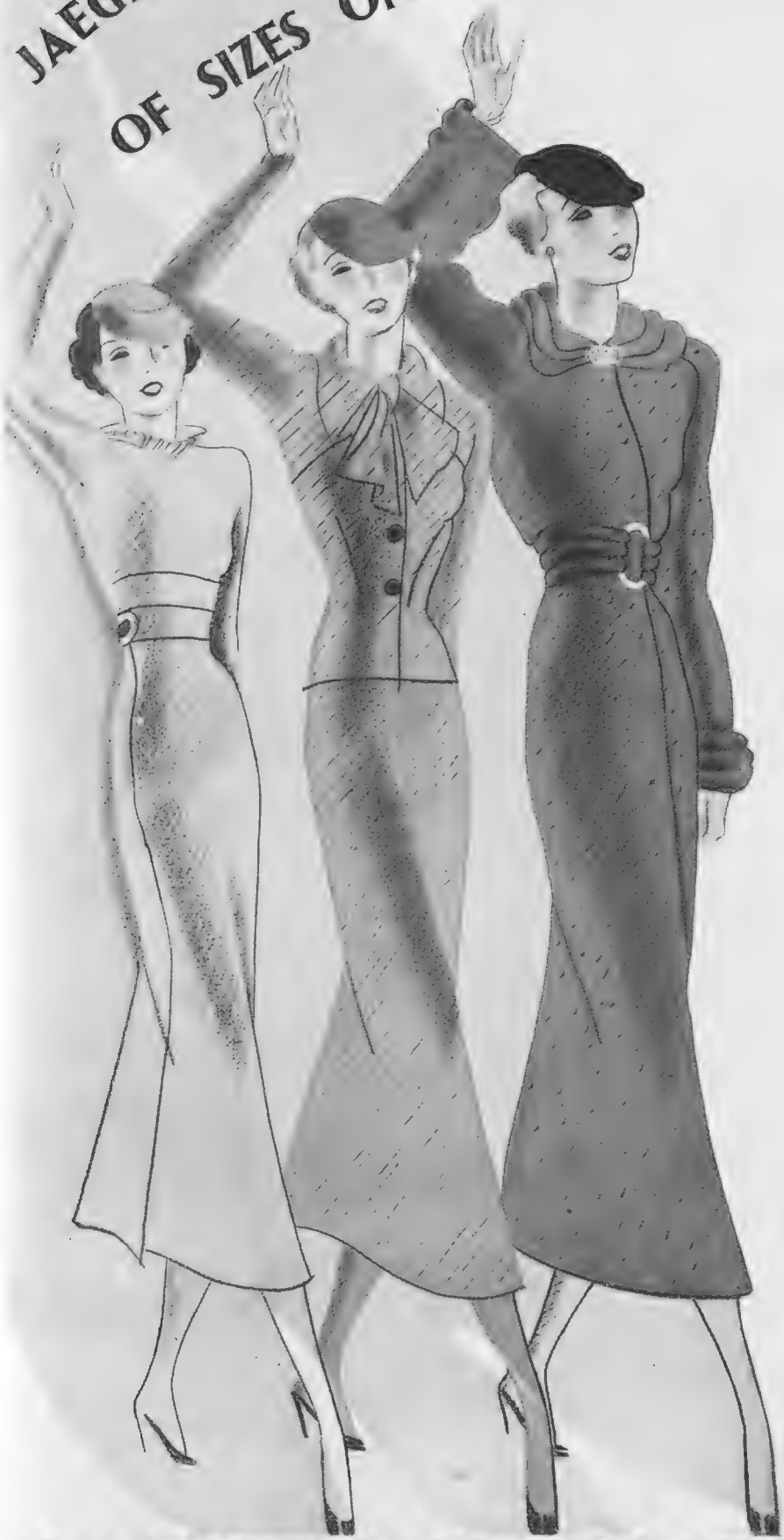
JAEGER, ALWAYS INVINCIBLE, ATTACK THE QUESTION OF SIZES ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE



The human form
Has a way of departing from the norm.
So the average "stock size"
Is, as a matter of fact, a mock size
And bears no rational relation
To anybody's actual curvation.
If hitherto you've looked with loathing
Upon the very thought of buying cloathing . . .
Or if your pleasure's all turned bitter
Because your frocks have to be endlessly overhauled by a fitter . . .
Or if you've tried yourself to cobble 'em
Rejoice, for Jaeger's solved your probble'em.
Instead of three sizes, they've now no less than a dozen ;
So from now onwards you can buy the divinest clothes without any frettin' and fozen'.
Whether you're one of those airy-fairy Titanias
Or whether your outline's more reminiscent of Juno's or Britannia's
Whether or not your measurements are perfectly Venus de Milo-y
We can not only fit you on sight, but make you look charmingly willowy,
So never again say that the buying of ready-mades is a nouciance,
Because on Jaeger's Fashion Floor you can choose them and walk out in them with utter aplomb and insouciance.

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IT'S AN INSTANT REFRESHER!

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Cuticura Soap

Best for Baby's Daily Bath

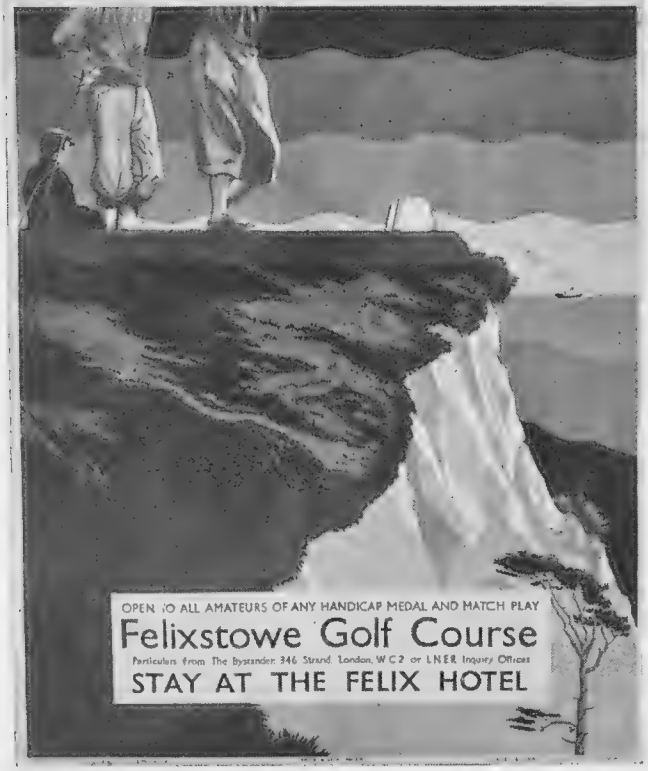
Made of the purest ingredients and containing soothing and healing properties, it protects baby's tender skin and keeps it clear and healthy, free from rashes and irritations.

Price 1s. Sold at all chemists.

THE BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

AMATEUR TOURNAMENT FOR MEN

FELIXSTOWE, 18th & 19th MARCH, 1933



OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS OF ANY HANDICAP MEDAL AND MATCH PLAY

Felixstowe Golf Course

Particulars from The Bystander 346 Strand London, W.C.2 or L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices

STAY AT THE FELIX HOTEL

"THE DITCH"

THE DITCH, NEWMARKET.

Approximate size of print 15 inches by 10 inches

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

recently published in "THE SKETCH," has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY, and early application for copies is recommended. Both editions of Mr. Edwards' earlier Newmarket subject, "A Training Gallop," are exhausted and that print is now at a premium.

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) - - £3 : 3 : 0.
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) - - £1 : 11 : 6.

To be obtained from all Printsellers or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

"I am greatly delighted"

"Having driven the Vauxhall Cadet fitted with Synchro-Mesh gear over give-and-take roads, and in very congested thoroughfares, I can say that I am greatly delighted with the performance. The gear changing is perfect, never giving the slightest trouble or noise; this must all be to the good, and means longer life to the car, as the change being so simple, there is no excuse whatever for hanging on to gears besides being much more enjoyable for the passengers in the car."

So writes an enthusiastic owner. There's magic in the Synchro-Mesh gearbox. It makes gear changing child's play and removes the bugbear—double declutching. And the abundant power, vivid acceleration, finger-light steering, and smooth but positive braking of the Vauxhall Cadet give you "silky performance" in every phase of driving conditions.

The roomy coachwork gives you the acme of comfort. With dignified lines, softest upholstery and the famous Vauxhall flutes in gleaming chromium, the Cadet has all the appearance of its pedigree. To test the truth of this owner's tribute any Vauxhall dealer will be glad to give you a trial run.

17 h.p. six-cylinder VAUXHALL CADET. 4-door Saloon—£295. Grosvenor Saloon de luxe—£325. Fixed-Head Coupe (2 or 4 light)—£295. (Sliding roof on Saloons and Fixed-Head Coupe models.) *Romney 2-seater Drop-Head Coupe—£325. Denton 4-seater Drop-Head Coupe—£335. Tickford All-Weather Saloon—£335. (All prices ex-Works.)*

Complete range on view at 174-182, Great Portland Street, W.1.

Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W.9.

SYNCHRO MESH FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

VAUXHALL CADET

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

STUDINGTON

COATS AND SUITS

Advance models for Spring are now ready for inspection in exclusive and original designs. Distinctive style and character. Individually cut and tailored by our own staff.

New colourings and materials.

Coats from - - **6 Gns.**

2-piece Suits from **8 Gns.**

STUDD & MILLINGTON LIMITED

51, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.
67-69, Chancery Lane, Holborn, W.C.

BEAUTIFORM GARMENT

Holding World's Rights — Regd. Trade Mark

BEAUTIFORM is a **REVELATION.** By its sheer dexterity of cut **Supports, Controls,** and by eliminating **Pressure REDUCES**

Ask to See

ZIP-IT-ON MODEL

Note this dramatic contrast in Figure Control.

NEW BACKLESS BEAUTIFORM

Uplifts Abdominal Muscles obviating Surgical Belting

Invaluable to Slim Unbalanced Figures

BEAUTIFORM versus CORSET

78, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

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THE BYSTANDER

346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-.	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
At Home ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

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To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name .....

Address.....

Date.....1933

By Appointment.

Without a shadow of doubt . . . .

Bernard Weatherill's charges for really authentic West End Tailoring are surprisingly moderate, without question. In these days of enforced economies men who have spent "small fortunes" on clothes in the past go to Bernard Weatherill, and wish they had done so years ago. Here they economise without sacrificing that high tailoring standard to which they have been accustomed. The materials, cut and finish, are of the West End to a degree. The elimination of long credit makes these prices possible. Lounge Suits, Plus Fours and Overcoats at 8 guineas.

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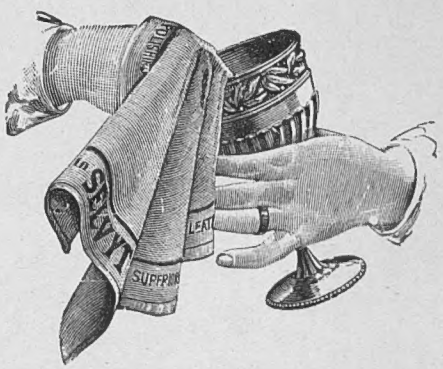
81, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. 11, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.

Branches at Aldershot, Ascot, Camberley.

McQueen

THE "SELVYT" REGISTERED TRADE MARK



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For Furniture, Silver, Musical Instruments, metal, Glass, &c., &c. Cutlery, wrapped in the "Selvyt" Cloth, never tarnishes. Good as new when washed.

Motor Cars.—After being hosed, a "SELVYT" Cloth will take up and absorb any grit that may remain, and leave a bright and glistening surface. Other cloths and chamois leathers are apt to scratch.

MADE IN 7 SIZES, 10 ins. to 28 ins. SQUARE.

In case of difficulty, apply "SELVYT," Manchester, Eng.

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from **LONDON** *by the*

BRITISH LINERS

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NORWEGIAN FJORDS

The s.s. BELGENLAND is the largest ship ever to use the Port of London, and has made seven Round the World Cruises.

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April 13 **THURSDAY**

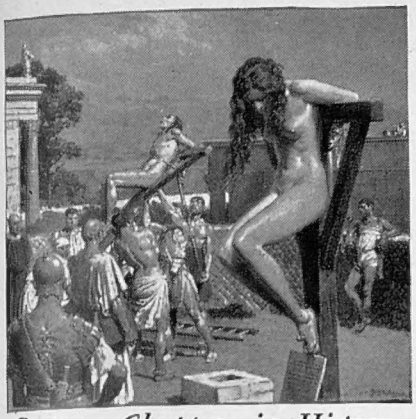
PORTUGAL
MADEIRA
NORTH AFRICA

11 days *from* **£13**

Cruises of 13, 14, or 19 days.
June 3—June 17—July 8—July 22—July 29 — August 5 — August 19 — August 26—September 16

For full particulars apply:

RED STAR LINE, 38, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3. *Or Local Agents*



Strange Chapters in History

No. 5 . . . The Veil drawn over the Temple of Isis in Rome

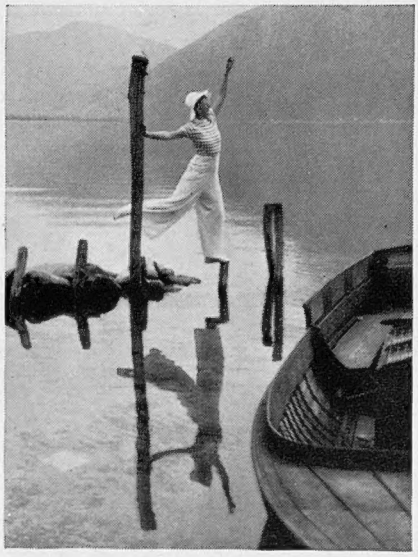
There was in Rome a noblewoman called Paolina who was held in the highest estimation, not only for her beauty, which had become a proverb, and her wealth, which had turned to a fable, but for her virtue and the dignity of her ancestors, whose fame made her one of the most distinguished figures amongst the *haut-ton* of Rome.

Virtue, coupled with youth and beauty, proved too great an attraction for a young man who occupied a high position in the equestrian order, one Decius Mundus. He conceived so violent a passion for Paolina that, in a short time, he was living only for one thing: to possess her by any means, conceivable or inconceivable.

. . . Decius could not maintain his attitude—that of the man refused—any longer, and, caring naught for the consequence, he spoke.

"No, Paolina! No use to treat me longer as the dust beneath your feet. You shall know the truth. Nothing has proved an insuperable obstacle to my love, not even your virtue. You have been mine, *mine.*" He uttered his words as if he would engrave them imperishably on the living marble of her heart . . . "Yes, mine, absolutely mine. *I* was the Anubis to whom you yielded up your body with your soul. I bought the High Priest as easily and cheaply as if I had chosen him at the market with the *tabella* on his chest. I made of him a servant to lay my marriage bed."

A few days later, a poor wretch, once the venerable minister of Isis, a man whose word was considered as gospel, was roughly pushed forward in the open by the sinister group of executioners. A cold shudder went down his spine at the sight of something lying on the ground.



Joy of living depends on Perfect Health

From HEALTH and its Corollary — BEAUTY

Health is no longer looked upon as a negative accident—merely the opposite of ill-health. It is recognised to-day as a glorious and positive possession, to be scientifically cultivated and consciously enjoyed.

Without being cranks and faddists we can all dress and eat sensibly, and the importance of regular daily exercise in the fresh air cannot be exaggerated. If normal preoccupations make the indulgence in outdoor sports difficult or impossible, some walking exercise must be taken, and the habit of exercising for ten minutes each day by an open window is one that will grow less and less irksome as the necessary energy increases, and the resultant improvement in general well-being is the best incentive to perseverance. . .

The loveliest thing in the world is a really beautiful, living woman and, if she cannot, except through memory or art, be a joy for ever she can, to-day, retain her power to give æsthetic pleasure through many a decade.

On the opposite page rules for the maintenance of health and symmetry are discussed. Exercise, diet, baths and massage which ensure the mobility of every member and absolute inward and epidermal cleanliness are the bases of all sound beauty culture. If these matters are attended to, the care of the complexion and the preservation of facial youth and beauty are simple. . . .

"They are enemies of the Sirdar, O Sahib. Not robbers — they come to kill us"

From "THE CARPET SELLER OF KANDAHAR" by Richard Oliver

"Hell! poor old Fortanerie—I hope to God he's all right. Forty years as a carpet seller in a land where no white man can live, forty years sitting cross-legged on a pile of musty carpets! Subaltern, captain, major and now colonel—Colonel Fortanerie of the Indian Army—and the army knows him not. Just a name in the List with the words 'Special duty' against it!"

". . . —an' damned good fighters they are! The down country Hindoos are as red as hell already. If the two crowds join, India will go up in flames. Red Roy has failed to get the Hindoo, Fatik, across the border to fix up an alliance—but remember Red Roy now gets early information about our troop movements. If he is certain of his ground he'll cross the frontier and meet Fatik—and, Ink, he won't go back. No white man—or woman or child—will be alive in the land twenty-four hours after" . . . Ramscombe's voice trailed off; he looked at a vision of an India once more enslaved.

"They are *badmashes*" (bad men), cried the girl.

"Aye, and they are many. How far is the next well?" asked Inkerleigh.

"Six *koss*" (twelve miles), replied someone.

"We will ride for it. It is better to fight near water than in the sand," said Inkerleigh.

. . . this story has an unusual amount of life and dramatic interest . . . it is complete in this month's issue.

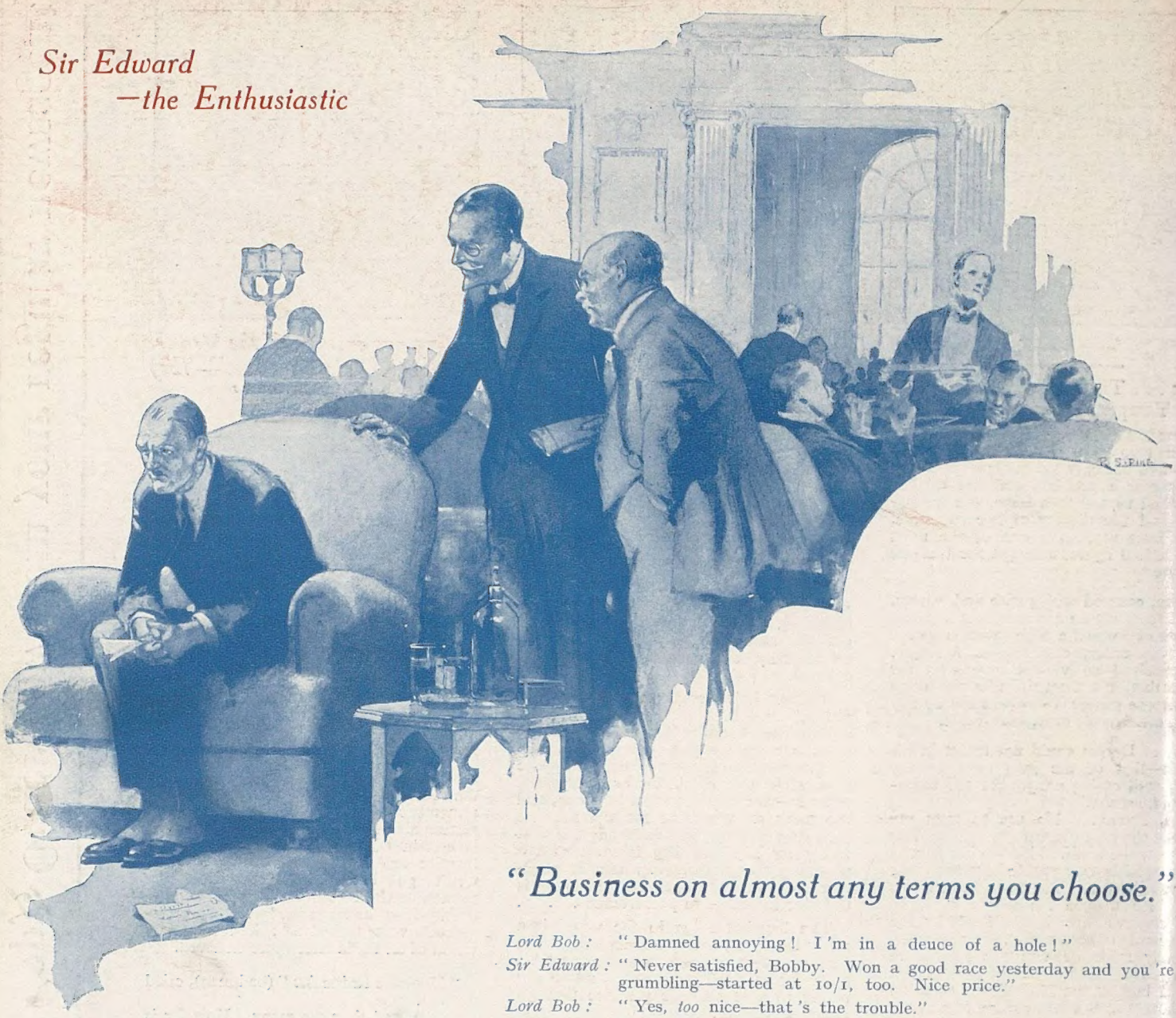
"A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE," by R. D. Blumenfeld.
"OF GOOD APPEARANCE," by F. E. Baily.
"RUSSIAN ROYALTIES IN EXILE," by Charles Graves.
"THE SUN KING," by May Edginton.
"SAMSON AND DELILAH OF ISLINGTON," by M. Willson Disher.
"THE YELLOW SATIN SOFA," by Mollie Panter-Downes.
STRANGE CHAPTERS IN HISTORY: "THE VEIL DRAWN OVER THE TEMPLE OF ISIS IN ROME," by F. Matania, R.I.
"THE NEW COMPANIONS," by Ferdinand Tuohy.
"THE OLD WOMAN WHO KNEW," by Hannen Swaffer.
"JOHN BULL BITES ON GOLD . . " by C. Patrick Thompson.
"THE CARPET SELLER OF KANDAHAR," by Richard Oliver.
"BANK HOLIDAY," by Dale Collins.
"HEALTH—AND ITS COROLLARY—BEAUTY," by "Chrysis."
A NOTE OF THE MONTH.
"COAT FROCKS AND HATS OF STRAW AND SATIN FOR THE SPRING WARDROBE," by Madge Garland.
"MAKING FLOWER PICTURES," by Mrs. Frank Bennett.
SOME SEASONAL HOUSEHOLD CLEANING HINTS.
SPRING SCHEMES OF DECORATION.
"INSIDE THE HOUSE OF TO-DAY," by Winifred Lewis.
KITCHEN EQUIPMENT AND KITCHEN GADGETS.
"REEL LIFE PROBLEMS," by Sydney Tremayne.
"A REAL COTTAGE IN BERKSHIRE," by Pamela Murray.
BOOKS: Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.
PATTERNS FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER
FOR THE COMING GENERATION.
"THE MODERN BABY'S PARENT PROBLEMS," by Len Chaloner.
"DINNER PARTY DISHES," by A. H. Adair.
"A SIMPLE LITTLE LUNCHEON," by A. H. Adair.
"DOES WHAT WE LIKE DO US GOOD?" by J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc.
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
THE MOTORING SECTION: Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan.
THE CHILDREN'S SALON.

IN THE MARCH

BRITANNIA AND EVE

To be sure that you get your Copy, Order now from your regular newsagent

Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic



"Business on almost any terms you choose."

Lord Bob : "Damned annoying! I'm in a deuce of a hole!"

Sir Edward : "Never satisfied, Bobby. Won a good race yesterday and you're grumbling—started at 10/1, too. Nice price."

Lord Bob : "Yes, *too* nice—that's the trouble."

Sir Edward : "Fancy a man growling at his horse winning at a long price! Where's the snag?"

Lord Bob : "Well, a lot of pals had a bit with me—several 'tenners' and 'ponies'—in all, about £500. As I, also, wanted a 'monkey' on, I instructed my Commissioner to invest £1,000 in all."

Sir Edward : "So I suppose your grouch is that you did not invest more?"

Lord Bob : "No—my man had difficulty in getting on and had to accept an average price of about 6's. To his consternation the Starting Price was returned at 10/1, and this is the price my friends will naturally expect."

Sir Edward : "So that your own winnings practically disappear?"

Lord Bob : "Yes—and when my trainer and jockey have had presents, there'll be nothing left."

Sir Edward : "Well, you ought to know how to avoid that in future. Don't bet on the course—I've always said it's unsatisfactory."

Lord Bob : "Well, what is one to do?"

Sir Edward : "Simple—open an account with 'Duggie.' Give him your business on almost any terms you choose, then you can go to the course with peace of mind and hope for your gee to win."

Lord Bob : "But hasn't he limits?"

Sir Edward : "Certainly not. No limit at either Starting Price or Full 'Tote' odds plus 5 per cent., and, what's more, you can wire him up to the 'Off'—*that's what makes me so enthusiastic.*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.